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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

If departments of a magazine were the parts of an orchestra, the production department would be the conductor. By bringing harmony to the efforts of editors, the art staff and the copy room, production pulls a magazine together and sends its contents to the engravers, the printing presses—and, ultimately, the readers.

The production manager of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is Gene Ulrich (SI, Jan. 25, 1982), but while he vacations on his 32-foot sloop *Rosebud* on Long Island Sound, Deputy Production Manager George Infante is holding the conductor's baton. Ulrich couldn't have left the magazine in better hands.

Infante contracted what he calls "priming ink syndrome" at 15. After classes at Manhattan's High School of Commerce, he worked first as a messenger and then as a proof boy for a typography shop on East 45th Street. His artistic roots go back further: His late father, George Sr., was art director at the Young & Rubicam ad agency, and a master calligrapher who was occasionally commissioned by President Dwight Eisenhower to create scrolls for Proclamations of State.

The elder Infante tried to interest young George in calligraphy by having him practice rows of circles and ovals on a big white artist's pad. "But it got boring," says George. "I reached a point in the art end where I knew it wasn't for me." Happily, for us, he turned to production.

After that first job, Infante decided to forgo college and went on to work at several New York publishing concerns before he got to SI in 1977. "I've always been a sports addict," he says, "but since coming here my perspective has changed somewhat. I care less now about scores or players, and a lot more about how long it takes to fly film from the game to New York."

Infante says that working at SI is the high point of his production career, but admits his second job, at McGraw-Hill, or at least applying for it in 1960, was the most important of his life. Infante was helped in filling out his application by a charming secretary, Patricia Fioridale. "She got to the question about



INFANTE. HE PRODUCES IN PRODUCTION

my home phone number," he says, "and I told her I wouldn't give her mine until she gave me hers." She balked, but Infante's persistence paid off: not only did he get the number, he got her hand in marriage.

The Infantes live in the New York City suburb of Larchmont and have three children, George, 18, Donald, 16, and Ruth, 12. Having grown up in the city himself, Infante particularly enjoys suburban pleasures like gardening or swimming at the beach club with the family. "He also reads anything he can get his hands on," says Patricia.

Infante's favorite book is *The Penguin's Progress*, which could not be more fitting. Like its hero, Christian, at the end of the book, Infante is unfappable as he encounters the trials of magazine life, such as impending Deadline and Revised Layout. When the tempo really picks up around here as SI closes on Sunday nights, it's comforting to know a man like George Infante is calling the tune in production.

Robert L. Miller

Why Sports Illustrated subscribers keep coming back...



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1981 World Series, Game 1

The best came last. The Dodgers [down 5-1 in the eighth] promptly scored twice and had a runner, Jay Johnstone, the team's unrelenting practical joker, on first with one out and Steve Garvey, the ablest Dodger, at bat. Gossage fell behind him 3-1 and Garvey, in his own word, "drilled" the next pitch. It was headed roughly where Cey's liner had gone, but this time Nettles timed his leap perfectly, spearing the ball in full flight.

"It takes a little steam out of them when they hit the ball hard and get nothing," Nettles modestly suggested. Indeed, Dodger Manager Tom Lasorda said the play of the Yankee infielders made him "sick to my stomach." Pass the Bloomington *Finestre*, *SI*—November 2, 1991

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BOOKTALK

by JEREMIAH TAX

AN OUTDOORSMAN'S NOVEL ON DRUG SMUGGLING IS NOTHING TO SNIFF AT

This is getting to be a year for first novels by outdoors writers. Like David James Duncan's *The River Why* (SI, Feb. 21), Geoffrey Norman's first novel, *Midnight Water* (E.P. Dutton, \$13.95), is set in one of the more distinctive fishing areas of the U.S. Duncan's milieu is the rushing coastal rivers of Oregon, and Norman's is the salty, swampy, teeming waters off the Gulf Coast of the Florida Panhandle. After that, all similarities between the two books cease except that, like Duncan's, Norman's is well worth your while; it may not be as timeless as *The River Why*, with its fictionalized appeal for the conservation of nature's gifts, but that's because *Midnight Water* is right out of today's headlines.

Norman, formerly an editor at *Playboy* and *Esquire*, currently writes *Esquire*'s "Outdoors" column. He contributed to the text of *The Ultimate Fishing Book*, has a home on the Gulf Coast and is obviously familiar with the myriad coves and tricky channels of a coastline that was the refuge of pirates in the early years of the last century and is today the working grounds for another sort of outlaw.

The traffic in drugs—especially cocaine—to Florida by sea and air from South America has been generating wealth to rival that of the tourist trade and attracting a cadre of ingenious and ruthless smugglers from around the world. As local and federal forces have pursued them, these crooks have moved up and down Florida's Gulf Coast and the Keys, winning and losing battles and hijacking charter boats and private craft, harassing and even murdering their owners and passengers (SI, April 9, 1979). The ready availability of drugs today would indicate that the advantage still rests with the smugglers and *Midnight Water* describes their incursion into the Panhandle coast. If some of the book's fiction has no basis in fact, much of it reads like the notes of an investigative reporter for *The Miami Herald*.

Against this background, Norman has drawn a cast of pirates, pursuers and

continued



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BOOKTALK *continued*

groupies and writers—or tried to write—a thriller about their struggles for dominion over the waters. His success, I believe, is only partial, but it's enough to keep you hanging in there to the end. Not surprisingly, the book's best stuff is the result of Norman's knowledge of his home turf. His descriptions of the pre-dawn scene at a ramshackle café where skippers and crews gather before going out with their charters, of the exhausting labor of old-fashioned nightlong meat-fishing to put snapper on your table, of the sleazy waterfront nightlife and the bloody clashes between drug-trade mercenaries and local machos, all have the pungent life of observed truth. And the occasional forays into nature writing are excellent—the breathlessly delicate technique of stalking shore birds with a camera; the discovery of a cloud of monarch butterflies resting during their long migrations to Mexico and beyond.

But much of the time, one of Norman's characters tells you page after tedious page about another character, instead of such exposition occurring by things happening. Characters like or dislike each other for no apparent reason other than pushing the plot along. The worst instance of this concerns Norman's protagonist, a political pollster, Dan Carpenter. It's incredible that anyone would admire or even react to a man so monosyllabic and noncommittal that it isn't until page 217 that he utters much more than a single brief sentence about anything. His laconism often makes him appear dense; his few words sound sappy. This is a hero? He also comes to you like a thousand other fictional leading males with a failed marriage that is never explained and an apparently overwhelming though inexplicable appeal to every woman he meets, all of whom want to leap into bed with him and do. This includes a groupie named Rony, who likes to drench herself in gardenia-scented oil before she does her leaping. Well, O.K., that's not all bad. On the other hand, why does Norman kill her off so quickly? (I'm not giving anything away, you would have guessed it soon enough.)

You may well also guess a number of other things, because Norman hasn't been sufficiently subtle or devious about either plot or character. But you ought to meet him. He's a strong, supple, honest writer with a charitable future in fiction, and he doesn't seem the sort to make the same mistakes twice.

END

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EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

UNFAIR SHARES

The Jim Thorpe saga had an apparently happy ending last fall when the International Olympic Committee voted to restore his amateur status and his name to the Olympic record books (SI, Oct. 25). The IOC's decision appeared to clear the way for Thorpe to be listed as the rightful winner of the decathlon and pentathlon at the 1912 Games in Stockholm, events he'd won at the time, only to be stripped of his gold medals when it was discovered later that he'd accepted small sums of money for playing baseball in 1909 and 1910. Last January Thorpe's heirs were presented with duplicate gold medals in Los Angeles by IOC President Juan Antonio Samaranch, who hailed the "historic decision . . . by which Jim Thorpe was reinstated as winner of the pentathlon and decathlon events of the Fifth Olympiad."

But Thorpe's reinstatement wasn't quite as complete as it seemed. In a curious hedge, Samaranch has decided to list Thorpe only as "co-winner" with Hugo Wieslander (decathlon) and Ferdinand Bie (pentathlon), the athletes who placed second in their respective events to Thorpe and who received his gold medals upon his disqualification. Samaranch argues that too much time has passed to designate Thorpe as the sole winner, a contention that angers, among others, Robert W. Wheeler, who through his Jim Thorpe Foundation lobbied for the return of Thorpe's medals. Noting that the passage of time "had been their argument all along for not restoring his medal status," Wheeler says, "Now that the medals have been restored, why shouldn't he be listed as the sole winner?"

Why, indeed? Surely the IOC, having gone this far, should take the final logical step and recognize Thorpe as the winner of the two events. Samaranch needn't be worried about a little revisionism—it goes on all the time. In 1974 a Norwegian journalist named Jakob Vaage was noodling over the sky-jumping scores from the 1924 Winter Olympics at Chamonix, France and discovered that a countryman, the late Thorleif Haug, didn't deserve the bronze medal he'd received; his scores had been added incorrectly, and the actual third-place finisher was an American, Anders Haugen. Vaage went

public with his discovery, and Haugen was presented with the bronze by Haug's daughter in a special ceremony.

That gesture by Haug's daughter was in the best sporting tradition. It can be assumed, similarly, that Bie and Wieslander wouldn't have wanted to be listed as "co-winners." Research by Olympic historians Bill Mallon of Durham, N.C. and Andy Strenk, a professor at USC, indicates that after Thorpe's disqualification, the two athletes had been very reluctant to accept the gold medals. Bie and Wieslander aren't alive to speak for themselves, but we do have the views of Gösta Holmér of Sweden, who died earlier this year at the age of 91. Holmér finished fourth in the decathlon and was awarded the bronze when Thorpe was disqualified, but he said he would have given up his medal if it meant justice would be done to Thorpe.

The IOC has also corrected itself in the case of Ingemar Johansson, who was disqualified for lack of aggressiveness in the heavyweight championship bout in the 1952 Olympics against Ed Sanders of the U.S. The loser in an Olympic title fight ordinarily gets the silver medal, but the IOC and the AIBA, the international boxing federation, decided that no silver in this case be awarded. But in May 1982, calling that decision a "mistake," the IOC presented the Swedish fighter with the silver medal after all.

Samaranch has so far refused to budge from his refusal to designate Thorpe as the winner of the 1912 decathlon and pentathlon. The wish here is that he reconsider and remove the last residue of tarnish from Thorpe's gold medals.

KEEPING TRACK OF BILLY

We're happy to report that Oklahoma Basketball Coach Billy Tubbs, who suffered a skull fracture last February when he was hit by a car while jogging, is recovering nicely. Tubbs has gained back the 18 pounds he lost after the accident, has resumed jogging and held a press conference a while back at which he claimed that the car that hit him had been guilty of "charging." The good-humored Tubbs has also let it be known that he'd like to get one of the T-shirts that have been seen on the campus of rival

Oklahoma State. They have the words "JOG WITH COACH TUBBS" on the front and tire tracks on the back.

BUT DID IT SPLIT THE UPRIGHTS?

Several members of the Bengals were among the 100 golfers who competed in a long-driving contest during a recent charity outing at the Jack Nicklaus Sports Center in Kings Island, Ohio. As you might have guessed, one of the football players won. What you probably couldn't have guessed is the winner's identity. It wasn't 6' 6", 278-pound Tackle Anthony Muñoz, nor was it 6' 3", 237-pound Line-



backer Tom Dinkel, nor was it 6' 5", 192-pound Wide Receiver Cris Collinsworth, nor was it 6' 5", 265-pound Guard Dave Lapham, all of whom participated. The victor, with a drive of better than 280 yards, was Placekicker Jim Breech, who's all of 5' 6" and 160 pounds.

RIGHT SONG, WRONG FEW

The baseball coach at Portland (Ore.) State, Jack Dunn, is wondering whether he may have been guilty of overemphasizing the game to his family. Dunn, who was the high school coach of Dale Murphy of the Braves, has a 3-year-old grandson who's already an avid fan. A couple of Sundays ago, at St. John Fisher Church in Portland, the priest asked the

continued

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congregation to please rise. As the organist begins to play, little Scotty Dunn launched into a robust rendition of *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*, a song he picked up while watching seventh-inning stretches on TV games.

HELP, PLEASE

The question of illegal assistance in road racing keeps getting more complicated. Still simmering is the dispute over whether Joan Benoit received improper help when she won the women's division of the Boston Marathon in April in a women's world best of 2:22:42. To refresh your memory, Kevin Ryan, a world-class marathoner who was working as a TV commentator, ran with Benoit, ostensibly for journalistic purposes, and some observers claimed that Benoit had been paced by him, in contravention

of the rules of TAC, and thus should have her record disallowed. In the view of Jennifer Young, an official of the National Running Data Center, which keeps records for TAC, Ryan's presence definitely gave Benoit an unfair advantage.

But this rules-are-rules argument ignores the fact that pacing in road races is widespread and almost impossible to police. It also ignores the possibility that Benoit didn't want to be helped by Ryan and that whatever pacing assistance he may have provided was, in effect, forced on her. The strict-constructionist approach is further undermined by a general willingness to overlook a different kind of boost that Grete Waitz received just after the start of the Peachtree Road Race in Atlanta on July 4. The 6.2-mile race attracted 28,000 entrants, and in the jostling that occurred during the mass start the Norwegian distance star was

knocked down and all but trampled by other runners, before her brother, Jan Anderson, also in the race, pulled her to her feet. Despite a bloody thigh and skinned elbow, Waitz went on to win in 32 minutes flat.

Technically, being hoisted to one's feet during a race also constitutes assistance, but Bob Hersh, TAC records chairman, notes that it's "customary" in road racing to pick up someone who falls and says, "It would take an unusually mean-spirited official to call it." Even Young agrees. She maintains that being helped to one's feet is an isolated incident while pacing is more or less continual. She also invokes considerations of safety in concluding that "given the size of the race and the fact that she got up and ran on her own," Waitz shouldn't have been penalized. Of Anderson's brotherly assist in Atlanta, Young goes so far as to say, solicitously, "I think it's nice he cared enough to pick her up."

WHY DR. J WILL OPERATE WITHOUT DR. N



The NBA champion Philadelphia 76ers will hold their rookie camp starting July 28, but their 10th-round selection in the college draft, 5' 10", 205-pound Dr. Norman Horvitz (above), won't be there. Horvitz, who's 49 years old, played hoops at the intramural level at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, from which he graduated in 1956. He's an osteopath as well as medical director of Nater/Systems, Inc., the chain of weight-loss centers owned by Harold Katz, who also owns the Sixers, and Horvitz' selection by the 76ers as the 228th and final pick in the June 28 draft was meant as a joke. Also, the sobersided NBA retroactively declared him

ineligible for the draft, holding that because his college class had long since graduated, he was a free agent.

This wasn't the first time an NBA team had taken late-round draft choices lightly. Because NBA rosters are so small, with relatively little turnover, teams often feel that low picks are better used for publicity purposes. The San Francisco Warriors drafted an Iowa schoolgirl in 1969, and some teams build goodwill in their home territory by taking players from local colleges who don't have a chance of making an NBA roster. Other late choices can be satirical: for example, to twin the NFL for always talking about drafting the "best athlete available," the Kings picked Olympic decathlon champion Bruce Jenner in 1977. Or sentimental: the Celtics last year drafted Indiana's Landon Turner, who'd been paralyzed in an auto accident. Or wildly speculative: San Diego took 7' 6" Manute Bol of the Sudan this year. Or paternal: Nuggets Coach Doug Moe, whose son David is a sophomore guard at North Carolina's Catawba College, made Catawba players his No. 7, 9 and 10 picks this year, thereby giving the school a cachet it can use in recruiting.

In view of all this, the NBA was clearly playing the spoilsport in declaring Horvitz ineligible for the draft. Still, Washington Bullets General Manager Bob Ferry wryly notes that the NBA's ruling might be a good thing for Horvitz. Says Ferry: "Being a free agent, now he can talk to all the teams."

POOR JOE

No pro football player has ever endured as many losing games in so short a span as Linebacker Joe Harris. During the strike-shortened 1982 NFL season, he played with the Colts, who had an 0-8-1 record. Then, six weeks into the USFL season, he joined the Washington Federals, who were 3-10 from that point on. That meant Harris had been on the losing side 18 times during one 10-month period. There's a bright side to this, though: Think what the total might have been had the hapless Colts played a full schedule or had Harris joined the equally hapless Federals at the start of the season.

THEY SAID IT

- Alan Harmon, Los Angeles Express owner, explaining how the team's colors were chosen: "We took the silver from Detroit, the blue from Dallas and the burgundy from my daughter's blouse."
- Mickey Rivers, Texas Ranger DH, complaining about weather conditions during a game: "Man, it was tough. The wind was blowing about 100 degrees."
- Steve Lundquist, SMU swimming star, explaining why he's considering quitting the sport: "I'm used to getting up at 6 a.m. to train and then falling asleep in class. If I quit, I could go to class and not fall asleep."



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A Tale Of Two Cities

For division pacesetters Montreal and Toronto, it is the best of times

by STEVE WULF



In Montreal, Gary Carter shares a pedestal beside the British naval hero, Lord Nelson.

Sports Illustrated

JULY 16, 1983

G'day. How boot dose Jays, eh? Like idair in first place, eh, in de Mare Can League East, and like it's alrendy halfway through de seascen, eh? So, O.K., if dey take off on de other hosers and nobody ever ketches dem, dey cud be playing de Series in Tronna, and dat wud be a beauty, eh? Can I have another Labatt's?

Ah, les Expos. Ils sont au premier rang, mais ils have been là before, ne c'est pas? Dawson, il est magnifique, et Rogers est le meilleur lanceur dans la ligue Nationale. Mais on only espère que
continued



In Toronto, DH Johnson has become a real tower of strength, much like the CN landmark.





O, CANADA! continued

Plustare will not repeat itself. Pass me a beer, O'Keefe!

For the benefit of those south of the border who are unfamiliar with these playful takeoffs of Canadian speech called Canajoe, eh? and I ranglas, hem? here are the rough translations:

Good day. How about those Blue Jays? They are in first place in the American League East at the midway point of the season. Wouldn't it be something if they could hold on, and we end up having the World Series in Toronto? Can I have another of the beers from the brewery that owns 45% of the Blue Jays?

Ah, the Expos. They are first, but they've been there before. Andre Dawson is terrific, and Steve Rogers is the best pitcher in the National League. One only hopes that history doesn't repeat itself. Pass me a beer from the brewery that owns the Expos. TV rights.

Last Friday night, for the first time in history, all four of baseball's division leaders were in Canada at the same time. The Texas Rangers were in Toronto for a three-game series, and the Jays swept to increase their divisional lead on Sunday to three games over Baltimore, Detroit

Moseby's career got off to a slow start, but now it's safe to say that he has it made.

ed States, but don't they know that George (Twinkletons) Sellkirk, Ferguson Jenkins and The (San Diego) Chicken were all born in Canada? Some think the game is more suited to the tropical climes of Seattle and Minnesota, which are incidentally at a higher latitude than Toronto. The *Canadian Farm & Home Almanac* has encouraging news on the weather front. It predicts mild temperatures for the division playoffs. The World Series is forecast, cloudy weather to start with and then clearing. Toronto fans stand by.

The people at ABC Sports, who are televising the Series this year, also won't be overjoyed if the Blue Jays and Expos represent their leagues. Consider the teams' lack of appeal to the U.S. audience. ABC is already muttering, "It's oh Canada."

But the people at the Toronto (O) (Toronto Exhibition Stadium and Montreal's Stade Olympique) would be ecstatic. Blue Jays attendance is already 250,000 higher than last year after 41 dates. The Jays tied for first place in '82 so the turnaround is dramatic. But they aren't all that big a surprise. After the All-Star break last year, they were 41-37 and the 17-game difference between them and the Brewers was the smallest between a first- and last-place team in



The Jays have a flock of topflight starters: (from left) Leal, Gott, Steb and Clancy

the American League since the majors went to the division format.

Toronto is not built on stars but on sound fundamental baseball, adept plotting by Manager Bobby Cox and excellent front-line pitching. At the end of last week, the Blue Jays were first in the league in slugging percentage, second in batting, pitching and fielding and tied for second in homers. And they had one player, Pitcher Dave Stieb, on the All-Star team. The Expos had five.

"I didn't expect us to be this good this soon," says General Manager Pat Gillick of his 7-year-old expansion team. "I figured we wouldn't be contenders until at least Year Eight or Year Nine. The best analogy I can think for the way we built this team is that childhood game, Mother, May 1? Instead of trying to take giant steps, we decided to take little bitty baby steps."

Two of the baby steps were the off-season acquisitions of Cliff (Soupbone) Johnson and Jorge Orta as the righthanded and lefthanded designated hitters, respectively. Last year Toronto DHs produced eight homers and 56 RBIs. Through last Sunday, they already had 18 homers and 57 runs batted in. Orta was hitting .288, and Johnson had 14 home runs and 45 RBIs to lead all DHs.

Soupbone has also done his best to live on the Toronto clubhouse. He's a necciler extraordinaire, and receives as well as he gives. When Johnson, 35, was given a trophy and \$250 by Labatt's last week for being the Blue Jays' Player of the Month for June, Catcher Buck Martinez said, "What did you win, Labatt's Senior Citizen of the Week?"

Johnson has also assisted two of the Jays' budding stars, First Baseman Willie Upshaw and Centre (when in Toronto, spell as the Torontonians do) Fielder Lloyd Moseby, both by his presence in the lineup and with his batting tips. Friday night he told Upshaw to look for a breaking ball from Ranger Pitcher Jon Matlack. On the first pitch Matlack

threw just that, and Upshaw hit a three-run homer in the Jays' 8-5 victory.

Upshaw is one of the best-kept secrets in baseball. Last Sunday he was hitting .303 with 17 homers and 52 RBIs, but the other day a sportscaster on a cable network in the States kept referring to him as "Cecil Upshaw," confusing him with the former Braves reliever. "My relatives kept calling me to kid me about it," says Upshaw. "I would like more recognition, but that will come. Right now it's enough for me that my peers respect me." Cox, who thrust Upshaw into the lineup last year, says he has the best range of any first baseman he's seen.

Moseby is finally coming around after three disappointing seasons. Through Sunday he was batting .283 with nine homers and 16 stolen bases, and in consecutive games last weekend he made spectacular catches to rob the Rangers' Larry Parrish of extra-base hits. He's also an articulate speaker. Here's Moseby on Toronto's chances to win the division:

"Our strong point is that everybody thinks we're going to fail. Now, you listen to the Game of the Week, and somebody will be saying, 'Well, the team to beat is Baltimore because they've got the pitching,' or 'Boston is really going to come on,' or 'Watch out for New York—they've got the talent.' Nobody expects the Blue Jays to win, so there's no pressure on us. Wouldn't it be something if the Expos and us got into the Series? 'Course it'll be up to Montreal to get it together, because I know we'll be around." He laughs.

Through the magic of platooning, Cox has gotten more production out of catching and third base than anybody could have dreamed. Martinez and Ernie Whitt, best of friends, share the duties behind the plate, with Whitt batting against righthanders and Martinez against southpaws. Together, the two journeymen have 13 homers and 48 RBIs.

Similarly, the Jays' two third basemen, Garth Iorg and Rance Mulliniks, are batting a combined .281. Once they were doomed to lives as utility infielders. "Bobby uses everybody," says Iorg. "So everybody stays fresh and feels useful." Last year the Jays set unofficial league records for most pinch-hits (71) and most pinch-hit appearances in a season (306). They lead the league again this year.

But Toronto's backbone is its pitching

staff, led by Stieb, who was 11-7 with a 2.62 ERA. He also pitched three no-hit innings in the All-Star Game last week to get the victory. Not long ago, he wanted off the Blue Jays and complained about his teammates. But last year Martinez gave him a scolding, and in the off-season he signed a six-year contract that could earn him \$1 million per year. "It wasn't until the second half of last year that I



Cox takes his hat off to Upshaw's fielding.

was convinced the team was making progress," says Stieb. One of the reasons for the Jays' success is that some of Stieb's aggressive confidence has rubbed off on his teammates.

Behind him, and not that far behind, either, are Jim Clancy and Luis Leal. Clancy, who along with Whitt is the last of the original Blue Jays, was 8-5, and Leal, who beat the Rangers 5-1 Saturday, was 9-6, which raises the possibility

continued

that Toronto will have three 20-game winners. The fourth starter, 23-year-old Jim Gott, has the best stuff on the staff and lacks only maturity. The bullpen seems to be in good shape, thanks to the remarkable comeback of Randy Moffitt, who has recovered from a life-threatening illness.

Just as the Jays have made progress, so have their fans. "In the beginning, they were so polite they would applaud when we struck out," says Iorg. "They walked out when we went to extra innings. Not only do they stay to the end now, they've gotten loud." The introduction of beer into the stadium last July may account for their raised voices.

By coincidence, the Blue Jays started playing better as soon as Labat's was allowed. "I prefer not to think of it as a coincidence," says Texas Manager Doug Rader, something of a beer connoisseur as well as an original Blue Jay.

Jaymania has also increased the call for a new stadium. The present one has a number of drawbacks. It has only 26,000 seats between the foul lines; it has no overhang, and crowd noise dissipates; it looks like a converted football stadium, which is what it is; and some of the rows are 41 seats across—imagine sitting in the middle of the row and having to go to the bathroom, an important consideration with the advent of beer.

Ideally, the Blue Jays would like a stadium with a retractable roof, and five sites have been mentioned, one being the present midway of the National Exhibition next door. Officials hope to see it by 1986, and they vow it will not be the fiasco that the Big Owe in Montreal has been.

Like the Blue Jay fans, Expos fans have come a long way. Says Rogers, "In my rookie year, I gave up a two-run home run to Willie McCovey to lose 3-1. But the thing I remember most about the game was the way the fans reacted. They cheered. They cheered McCovey. They didn't care about the Expos. We were just a happening, something to do. They had no loyalty. That's the difference in 10 years. Now they have loyalty."

The Expos have drawn more than two million a season the last three full seasons, even though the O is one of the

worst baseball stadiums in creation, which goes to show what happens when you build a stadium for the Summer Games instead of the Summer Game. But the fans have also become quite demanding and somewhat tired of les Expos being les Bridesmaids.

To that end, Montreal hired a new manager, Bill Virdon, to improve its fortunes. Although he has the Expos in first place, even Virdon admits, "We have been very mediocre." He adds, "At least we've been consistent."

Virdon has instituted a number of changes. "Even a power team has to scramble, has to move the runner into scoring position," he says. His brand of Williamstown may not be as aggressive as Billyball, but he does have the Expos on their toes.

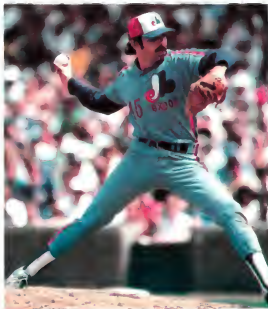
He also inherited probably the best talent in either league, and the best of the best is Centerfielder Dawson, who at week's end led the league in RBIs with 66. He also had 17 homers, a .323 average, 13 stolen bases, 104 hits, a .581 slugging percentage and three Gold Gloves in his past. "He's carried us," says Virdon.

"He is the best all-around player in the league," says Centerfielder Dale Murphy of the Braves, who is himself considered by some to be the best all-around player in the league. "He's done it a lot longer than I have."

Montreal President John McHale describes Dawson as "a Frank Robinson who could play centerfield. Actually, he's unique. The Hall of Fame centerfielders—Mantle, Snider, DiMaggio, Mays—come to mind, but he's not exactly like any of them."

As fast as he is on the field, Dawson is slow off it. He's slow in waking up: 11 a.m. is early for him on the day of a night game. He's slow to anger: He has never been ejected from a game. "Why should I give the umpires my money?" he asks. Debutantes have dressed faster than he does after a game, because he has to ice his knees for 20 minutes every night. He's slow to smile. But once he does, he can light up a room.

He's also probably the best-conditioned athlete in baseball. His improbable physique includes a Rodin torso, a 31½-inch waist and the legs of a mule. He hasn't been able to buy a suit off the rack



Rogers' 12-3 record and 2.94 ERA make him the National's top righthanded starter.



Though the Hawk is flying high, he must be careful of Raines falling on his head.

in years. In the off-season he follows a daily regimen of pushups and wind sprints.

Last year, when Tim Raines, the Expos' gifted leftfielder, admitted to a dependence on cocaine, Dawson, a notably clean liver, regretted not having helped him. This year he and Raines have become very close. Their families live in the same apartment complex on Nun's Island in the St. Lawrence. "Maybe I'm trying to model myself after him a little more," says Raines. "I always felt that if I hung around him enough, some of it would rub off on me. If I get closer to him, maybe I could get the respect he has as a baseball player and a person." On Sunday, Dawson's 29th birthday, Raines's wife, Virginia, gave birth to a six-pound, one-ounce baby boy. They named him Andre.

Raines and Dawson have teamed up in another, more tangible, way. Through Sunday Dawson had 14 sacrifice flies for the season, only five away from the major league record set by Gil Hodges in 1954. Raines scored on every one of them.

If the Expos are to stay in first, Daw-

son will have to continue to shoulder the burden. One of the knocks against him is that he hasn't played well at the end of the season. In the 1981 playoffs against the Dodgers, for instance, he went three for 20. "There were times when I pushed myself too hard," says Dawson. "I tried to do too much too soon." Says First Baseman Al Oliver, "Hawk [as Dawson is called] is not a choker. He may try too hard sometimes, but he does not choke."

As if the Expos needed any extra incentive, the organization would be extremely embarrassed if the Blue Jays got to the Series before they did. There's considerable rivalry between the two teams. They're not only inter-province foes, but inter-language, inter-family and inter-beer.

Labatt's owns 45% of the Jays, as does the mysterious Howard Webster, an industrialist. On the other side, Curling O'Keefe Breweries is the Expos' principal advertising backer. Howard Webster's nephew, Lorne, is also a part owner of the Expos. Edward and Peter Bronfman, cousins to Expos' majority owner

Charles Bronfman, count Labatt's among their holdings. Confusing, eh?

Needless to say, the Blue Jays resent the Expos' self-proclaimed status as Canada's Team, and the Expos look down upon the Jays as upstart newcomers. "We wuz the fastest with the mostest," says Charles Bronfman.

Every year Montreal and Toronto play an exhibition game, for the Pearson Cup, to benefit amateur baseball in Canada. The Expos think it's a meaningless game, and the Blue Jays don't thank the Expos do enough to promote it. On May 5 of this year, the Blue Jays and Expos met for the Cup in Montreal. Toronto finally won 7-5, after three losses and a tie. Mickey Klutts doubled in the winning run in the seventh off a Class A pitcher named Randy St. Claire. The immortal Tommy Joe Shimp finished up for the Expos. Only 8,291 people saw the game that night. But then, how could anyone have known that it might be a preview of the Fall Classic? A Canadian World Series, eh? G'day.

END

When It Got Dark, The Stars Came Out

Charles Anthony Fusina is the kind of guy the USFL was made for. A year ago he was employed by the NFL's Tampa Bay Buccaneers as a clipboard-carrying substitute quarterback who could only fantasize about leading his team on heroic comebacks. For three years Fusina had seen nothing beyond the broad back of Doug Williams, the Tampa Bay starter. Then, in September, Fusina was traded to the San Francisco 49ers and a week later waived out of the league. "They told me I was caught in a numbers game," he says. By the time of the NFL strike, he was back in Tampa, working as

a high school teacher. He was even a substitute at that.

Then along came spring football. Fusina signed with the Philadelphia Stars and quarterbacked them to a 15-3 record and an Atlantic Division title. Last Saturday at Philly's Veterans Stadium in a wildly improbable—if poorly attended (15,684)—first playoff game ever for the USFL, he rallied the Stars from a 21-point fourth-quarter deficit to a thrill-

in the USFL playoffs, Philadelphia's hopes were dimming when it suddenly rallied from 21 back to beat Chicago 44-38 in OT **by RALPH WILEY**



ing 44-38 overtime victors over the Chicago Blitz.

Afterward, he stood nonchalantly at his locker, just out of his droopy football pants, being one sweetheart of a guy to everyone who passed by. Many did. Suddenly the 26-year-old former Penn State star had become a poor man's Norm Van Brocklin. These were his numbers. He had completed 22 of 33 passes for 254 yards and three scores, caught a pass for a touchdown and rushed for 66 yards. "I just wanted to get as much out of myself as I could," Fusina said. "There's not much there, I guess. I'm not a prototype



Donovan and the fans flipped when he got past the fallen Schwartz to tie the game



I just wanted to keep going after that football."

Fantasies can be wonderful, especially if they come to pass. Saturday Fusina found himself the substitute for a near miracle as the Stars won their way to this Sunday's USFL championship game in Denver. The Stars' fourth-quarter comeback was a landslide of no small proportions. "I've never seen anything like this in my 12 years of playing football," roared Stars Linebacker John Hunning, a former Philadelphia Eagle. "Never in a million years," muttered Blitz Wide Receiver Tromaune Johnson.

Couch George Allen's Blitz intercepted the first two passes Fusina threw on Saturday and four overall. Philadelphia turned the ball over seven times in the game. The Blitz, gladhanding opportunity, led by 21 points early in the fourth quarter. Sure, Philadelphia had overcome a 24-10 fourth-quarter deficit to beat Chicago 31-24 in the regular season, but this was a money game, a George Allen Blue Plate Special. Yet, when Fusina and the Stars suddenly came charging back in the final minutes, Chicago turned conservative and was DGA in overtime after attempting but two passes in the fourth period. You don't play the game that way, at least not in the USFL. "There's hardly a cornerback in this league," said Boston Breakers Coach Dick Coury, an onlooker Sat-

urday. "If you're trying to win here, you want your offense on the field."

By following that philosophy the Stars had run up the league's best record in the regular season, during which Philadelphia's offense consisted mainly of Fusina handing off to the redoubtable Kevin Bryant. Bryant had rushed for 1,442 yards, second in the league to Herschel Walker, and been named USFL Player of the Year by the AP. Fusina, meanwhile, had thrown only 10 interceptions all year, but after his three in the first half Saturday, a fan roared the nudes playing Taps on a flugelhorn.

The game had begun with Bryant gaining ground over the right side, behind the drive blocking of Irv Eatman, the 280-pound rookie tackle from UCLA. But then came the miscues, and Eatman became frustrated. He was called for a personal foul after sticking his helmet in Linebacker Ed Smith's back and for holding. "We weren't very composed at first," said Eatman.

With 1:55 left before halftime, Chicago's Johnson ran a four-cut corner pattern and took a teardrop pass—the ball came down almost vertically—from Quarterback Bobby Scott for a 12-yard touchdown. That made the score 21-7, and the Stars needed a quick complement to Bryant's running. They reverted to a little razzle-dazzle. Running Back Allen Harvin took a handoff from Fusina at the Blitz 12, and ran—fled, actually—back and to his right before sidestepping a curve some 30 yards across the field to a kneeling Fusina, who got up and veered

Bryant went over the top in overtime for the most important of Philadelphia's 556 yards.

continued

"That play really didn't come off," said Harvin, a rookie from Cincinnati. "I was swallowed. I just threw it. I couldn't believe it worked."

Harvin is a short (5' 9") back with cuboid physique and two diamonds in his left earlobe. His tree-stump legs are the real gems. Throughout the game he mixed phantom and bruising saps, finishing with 87 yards on 20 carries. "We were just as wary of Harvin as we were of Bryant—if not more wary," said Blitz Linebacker Stan White afterward.

"By halftime, we could feel their weariness," said Eatman. "We said, 'They're tired.' We knew we had to pound them, make them feel their age." Indeed, Chicago was more than a year and a half older per man, but the Stars had trouble taking advantage of that. Turnovers continued to plague them, and with 12:04 remaining in the game the score reached 38-17 when Chicago's Tim Spencer ran one yard for a touchdown following Fusina's fourth interception.

Fusina refused to buckle to the Blitz. On Philly's next possession, facing first-and-10 from his own 46, he looked to Scott Fitzkee, a former Penn State teammate, and hit him for a 37-yard gain. "I felt the game change right then," Fusina would say. Two plays later he found Fitz-



Fitzkee gave the Blitz fits, catching his TD pass to start the Stars' late comeback.



Quarterback Fusina ran for 66 yards and caught a TD pass.

kee over the middle with a floater for a TD. "An area throw," said Fusina. "I never saw it." Score, 38-24, Chicago. Time of drive: 2:35. Time remaining: 9:29.

The Blitz went into a huddle—and might as well have stayed there. Two trips into the line set up third-and-Tramaine. Scott sent Johnson on the fly but left the ball short. Another teardrop, but this time Philadelphia Cornerback Jonathan Sutton was at the Stars' 32 to intercept.

Fusina was now on a run of 10 straight completions. He had three for 29 yards and then ran for 22 to the Blitz 12. Harvin slashed to the two in two carries before Fusina

rolled right and flipped to Fullback Jeff Rodenberger. Touchdown. Score: 38-31, Chicago. Time of drive, 2:47. Time remaining: 4:59.

The Blitz offense trotted out aimlessly. Three inside tries by Kevin Long. Nothing doing. Punt. The sequence creaked with antiquity. "Oh yes! Great! Big NFL George Allen, he couldn't hate the bullet!" shouted Vince Papale, the former Philadelphia Eagle wide receiver, now a diehard Star supporter. Later, Allen admitted, "Our problem was conservatism on offense and not being able to stop them. When that happens, you lose."

Chicago turned a sure win into a long afternoon by grounding its game plan.





Fusina completed four of his next six and ran for 17 more yards to move Philly to Chicago's 11. One completion was to Tom Donovan, another Penn Stater and a relative wisp at 6' 0" and 183 pounds.



On second-and-10 from the 11, Donovan lined up as a flexed tight end, lost in Eastman's shadow. He delayed, crossed, and Fusina found him with a soft pass he released off his back foot. Donovan gingerly stepped away from prone Safety Don Schwartz and scored. Then he did a full somersault. The fans went into paroxysms. Score: 38-38. Time of drive: 1:56. Time remaining: 0:50.

Chicago couldn't respond. Scott threw a tentative pass that was slapped away. Doug Dennison carried twice. The Blitz offense looked up at the clock. Bang.

Overtime was Star time. Philly took the kickoff and went on a classic ground sortie, led by Eatman. Left Tackle Brad Oates and his younger brother, Burt, the center. Harvin got 22 yards in three carries, Fullback David Riley nine in two, but it was Bryant's game now. For the day he would carry 24 times for 142 yards, and 25 of them came on this drive. Bryant got the last yard in a dive over Philly's right side. "They've got a lot of old guys on their team, and we just kept coming and coming," he said.

"To paraphrase the Sixers, we believed we were a team of destiny," said Burt Oates. Allen has had his share of destiny's teams. In the locker room afterward, he called the Stars "a good club," but he also spoke of the days when he built the Redskins and Rams. When gently reminded that this was a new day and a new league, Allen quieted. And when he left, he wore the pained look of an older man who is suddenly reminded that destiny isn't particular.

See Ya Later, Oakland Invader

by ALEXANDER WOLFF

Bobby Hebert says his surname is pronounced A-bear, though he isn't one: He's a Panther, a Michigan Panther from the Louisiana bayous who grew up 40 miles south of New Orleans. "Almost nobody realizes you can go south of New Orleans," he says in a voice laced with the French patois his parents speak. "I trace my ancestors to Nova Scotia. They were French pilgrims who didn't want to pledge allegiance to the Queen. So they said, 'Hey, later.'"

That's more or less what Michigan told the Oakland Invaders at the Pontiac Silverdome last Sunday during a 37-21 win in the other USFL semifinal. Both times the Panthers went for first downs on fourth-and-one, they scored important touchdowns. The first came just before the half on a three-yard Hebert pass, thrown into a thicket of hands, that little Anthony Carter somehow grabbed hold of. That put Michigan up 17-7. The second was Fullback Ken Lacy's 18-yard bolt through the line late in the third quarter; that ran the score to 31-14 and the doubt from anyone's mind.

Oakland had the poorest record (9-9) of the league's finalists and made the playoffs by winning the Pacific Division, an aggregation of teams so Charmin-soft that Birmingham, also 9-9, placed last in the Central Division yet beat the Invaders twice. Meanwhile, Michigan had won 11 of 13 games after a 1-4 start. "We've come back from the epitome of the pits," crowed Linebacker John Corker after the Panthers clinched their division in the final week of the regular season—meaning the Panthers that Oakland would play hardly resembled the bunch the Invaders had whupped 33-27 in the season's third week.

Since then Michigan had plugged up a porous offensive line and seasoned an offensive unit that had begun the year with 10 rookies by moving three former Pittsburgh Steelers, Tackle Ray Pinney and guards Thom Dornbrook and Tyrone McGriff, into the lineup. "In

continued

the 13 games since they've been here, I've only been sacked five times," Hebert says gratefully.

Another midcourse correction: Instead of having receivers bring in the plays, which would often get lost in the translation, Hebert, who hails from Cut Off and is a rookie out of Louisiana's Northwestern State, now reads on *anglais* from a crib sheet taped to his wrist. "He can get his numbers out pretty good," says Michigan's Defensive End John Banaszak, still another ex-Steeler. "It's words he has problems with."

In the meantime, Panther Coach Jim Stanley, standing by his young team during the bumbling start, learned how to take advantage of his wide lightning. Carter and Derek Holloway, who finished the season with 20 touchdown catches between them. "Of course you have to try some things to get Anthony the ball," says Stanley. "We moved him around and put him in motion. We try to scratch where we itch, and early we were itching all over."



Hebert, from Cut Off, out down Oakland with 295 yards of passing.

The Panthers' improvement, plus owner Al Taubman's decision to drop the \$14, \$12.50 and \$11 tickets to \$8.50 for the playoff game, lured a crowd of 60,237 to the Silverdome, a league attendance mark. The 3,500 or so bleacher patrons paid \$5, which was the regular Silver-

domes GOODBYE LIONS AND LIONS EAT YOUR HEARTS OUT decked the Silverdome at kickoff. "All week we've been psyching ourselves up by asking each other, 'What's the ticket sales, what's the ticket sales?'" said Noseguard Dave Tipton on the eve of the game. "We're ecstatic."

So were the fans, who stormed the field with 1:25 left. "We couldn't hear anything out there," said Invader Coach John Ralston. "The noise caused mistakes on a couple of our turnovers. Against a good team like Michigan, you have to play error-free."

In fact, Oakland's biggest blunder may have occurred before the game. Arthur Whittington, the Invaders' leading rusher this season with 1,043 yards, was supposed to sign a new contract with the club before it left Oakland on Friday afternoon. But the Invaders had practice that morning. Whittington claims that he phoned Ralston's office to tell him he'd have to miss the workout to sign the contract. Player Personnel Director Chuck Hutchison answered the phone and, according to Whittington, gave his O.K.

"That wasn't my understanding of the conversation," said Hutchison later. "Art told me he'd go to practice and then take care of the contract." When Whittington didn't show for the workout—or at the Invader offices where his attorney, John

continued



Carter, here hauling in a bomb, also grabbed a three-yard pass for a touchdown.



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Maloney, had gone—Ralston assumed that Whittington was AWOL. On Saturday morning, after Oakland had worked out at the Silverdome, Ralston and Whittington had a 40-minute confrontation. Ralston wouldn't talk about it afterward, but Whittington would. "He told me I wasn't going to play," Whittington said. "I'm a professional athlete, been one for six years [five in the NFL]. They're being childish and acting like this is college. They don't want to win. If he comes and tells me now I'm going to play, I'm not."

The Invaders kept insisting that Whittington remained questionable because of cracked ribs that had kept him out of the two previous games. Not so, according to Whittington, who said, "Oh, I can play with sore ribs."

Whittington did play, but not until late in the second quarter, just about when the Panthers' active four-man linebacking corps began running amok. In the first period Oakland Quarterback Fred Brana had used up more than seven minutes in a 78-yard touchdown drive for a 7-0 lead. But the Invaders needed four cracks to push the ball in from the Michigan two, and the Panther offense seemed inspired by their defense's stubbornness. After the ensuing kickoff, Hebert found Holloway over the middle for



Early on, the Michigan defense forced Oakland to use four plays to score from the two.

40 yards, setting up Running Back John Williams' five-yard scoring run. With matters tied, the Michigan defense hunkered down.

"Our defense [a 3-4] is a linebacker's defense, geared to mobility," says Tipton.

"The three down linemen are supposed to cause enough interference in the offensive line to let the linebackers move in and make the play." The starting backers had 17 tackles, seven assists, two forced fumbles, a fumble recovery, a sack and an interception; Invader running backs Ted Torosian, Louis Jackson and Whittington combined for only 19 yards on 18 carries. The interception, by Kyle Borland, led to a 38-yard field goal by Novo Bojovic, a Yugoslav emigrant who has gained some notoriety this year by keeping a clove of garlic in his right shoe for good luck.

So Michigan is a team whose flavor is a little Gallic and a little garlic. Hebert finished with 18 completions on 27 attempts for 295 yards. He also threw a goofy interception, a swing pass that Oakland Linebacker David Shaw ran 19 yards for the Invaders' second score. But Hebert laughed it off afterward, pointing out that in this Sunday's championship game in the Mile High City, the same pass would be an overthrow because of the thin air. "And where I come from," he added, "it's below sea level."

In any case, a mile high is far from the epitome of the pits.

END

Whittington was on the bench in the first quarter and finished with minus 10 yards.



Chris Silva stood on the blocks of the Edmonton pool, twitching, slapping his thighs, growling. Below, churning toward him, was Tom Jager, the leadoff man on the U.S. 4 × 100-meter freestyle relay team in these World University Games.

When Silva hit the water, it would be a moment of some social significance. He would then become the first black swimmer ever to represent the U.S. in international competition. But there wasn't time to reflect on that now. The Soviet Union's Sergei Smiryagin in the adjacent lane was swimming to an opening 50.13. When Jager, who's Silva's college teammate at UCLA, touched the wall in 50.75, the U.S. had half a length to make up.

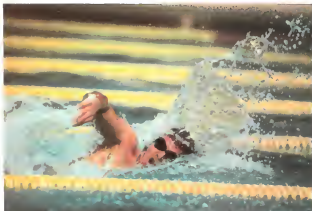
Silva is a powerful 6'3" and 190. "And a fantastic team swimmer," says Bruin Coach Ron Ballatore. "In the 1982 NCAA meet, he improved his 100-yard best from 45.0 to 43.6 in

Less-than-best Americans at the World University Games could not make the grade against the Soviets

by KENNY MOORE



The U.S. Was Out Of Its Class



the relay, and that gave us the title."

But Silva is inexperienced in Olympic-size 50-meter pools. His best 100-meter time before the University Games was 52.8. Silva is an emotional soul, however, with a splendid sense of occasion. He had swum his preliminary leg in 50.86, which convinced U.S. Coach Sam Fries of Arkansas to keep him on the team for the final.

Silva had tears in his eyes marching in the Games' spectacular opening pageant, during which 12 huge balloons, each a likeness of an animal native to a Canadi-

Smirnov, the best distance swimmer ever, made his usual splash in the 400 and 1,500.



At the opening ceremonies in Commonwealth Stadium, inflation reached new heights.

an province or territory, were displayed. The proceedings were presided over by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Silva had said right after the ceremonies, "It's been a dream since I was a little kid to stand on an Olympic stadium infield, to feel chills at so many nations coming together in peace for competition. Here, it wasn't the Olympics, but it had the same effect. It was overwhelming to watch the legend come in, Vladimir Salnikov, the Olympic champion, the guy who hasn't lost an at least 37 straight 1,500s, and to really feel that he's a person, just like you. It all has been incredible motivation."

So motivated, Silva made up water steadily in the first 50 meters against Vladimir Tkachenko. "About 15 meters before the turn, he slowed a little," Silva said. "I thought, 'I should go all out to get him,' and then in a split second I decided, no, I'll get him off the wall. So I glided

into the turn. I should not have done that."

Silva couldn't get Tkachenko off the wall or in the last 50 meters, though he swam the faster split, 50.63 to 50.65. Next Tennessee's Dallas Kyle took up the chase, doing 50.41 to Sergei Krasuk's 50.58, but still the U.S. was 43 behind.

The anchors were Alexei Markovsky and yet a third Bruin, Bruce Hayes, who had won the 200-meter freestyle. Hayes, too, gained steadily. "I thought 40 meters out I could catch him," he said, and he did. A meter from the end their heads were even, but it was Krasuk's luck to have his stroke deliver his hand to the wall while Hayes's was still overhead. That was the 10th of a second difference between the two teams, 3:21.72 to 3:21.82. The world record is 3:19.26.

That relay stood as a symbol of the swimming competition in the Games,

hard fought, not quite a record, and with the Soviets winning. They took 22 of a possible 29 gold medals in swimming, aided immensely by a new star, 20-year-old Irina Laricheva, who swept the women's 100, 200, 400 and 800 freestyle events and added a relay anchor for her fifth gold.

Many of the best U.S. swimmers stayed home to prepare for the U.S. Long Course championships in early August,



Laricheva swam off with five gold medals.

which are the Pan American Games trials. "But there are no Russians in the Pan Ams," said Hayes. "I came for the competition."

He got it, in the form of Salnikov, the most formidable distance swimmer in history. In the 1,500, Salnikov, 23, showed he was near peak form, swimming each of the 13 middle 100-meter

continued



Jager, Silva and Kyle saw Hayes get touched out in the 4 X 100 free.

UNIVERSITY GAMES continued

laps between 59.97 and 60.83, always taking 44 strokes per 50-meter length, always displaying a relentlessly swift cadence that seems to bespeak a furious concentration. Yet in repose he's mild and funny. Asked about what his frame of mind had been during the 1,500, he said, "It's like the man who picked up an elephant. The big problem is how to put it down." He eased his to earth with a 58.15 last lap to win in 15:02.83, 8.11 seconds from his world record of 14:54.72.

Hayes was third, in 15:37.97. But earlier he had won the 200 with a remarkable burst, coming from fourth off the last turn, switching from a two-beat kick to an outboard motor of a six-beat and finishing in 1:51.19, ahead of Alexei Filonov's 1:51.90 and the 1:51.97 of Canada's Alex Braumann.

"Hayes can come home better than anyone I've ever seen," said Ballatore, so there seemed reason to hope that if he could stay close to Salmikov in the 400, he had a chance to make a run at the finish. But Salmikov has lowered the world 400 record five times since 1978, to its present 3:48.32. He doesn't swim if he isn't ready to do it again.

The Soviets have traditionally put heavy emphasis on doing well in the

University Games, which encompass 10 sports and are held every two years. The nearness of the Olympics moved the Soviet central planners of swimming to peak their team for this meet and McDonald's international meet this weekend in the new Olympic pool in Los Angeles, which would accustom Soviet swimmers to winning in North America. By contrast, the East Germans sent no one to Edmonton; their plan calls for a peak at the European championships in late summer.

Hayes started as a distance swimmer and has only recently begun to take to short distances. "He never liked the sprints," said his father, Larry, a Dallas attorney. "He called 'em the 'screaming meemie races.'" Yet in the 400 he led for 50 meters, in 27.49. Salmikov was a foot ahead at 100, in

56.59, and had a body length at 200, in 1:54.97. "Last year in a dual meet he beat me on the third 100," said Hayes. "I knew I'd have to work then." But try as Hayes might, Salmikov pulled inexorably away. His 2:52.50 at 300 was world-record pace, but he fell just short of setting a mark, with 3:49.38.

Hayes was second in 3:54.93 and shook off his distress to go anchor the 4X100 freestyle relay. "Good experience," said Ballatore. "He doesn't have to beat Salmikov until next year."

After the relay, Silva roamed the deck like a leopard, by turns blaming himself for not coming up with that crucial 10th of a second and congratulating his teammates. "If the Russians here are the A team and we're the B team like everybody says, well Lord help 'em when they hit our A team next year," he said.

Of course, Silva, who's from Menlo Park, Calif., has plans to be on that team in Los Angeles. He's a junior majoring in psychology, was a second vice-president of the Northern California Baptist Youth Convention in high school and played classical piano for seven years. He passionately separates myth from reality when asked why, until now, there have been no first-rate black swimmers from the U.S.

"There are the real barriers, like money," he said. "It's not cheap to keep a kid in years of age-group swimming. But the rest of it is psychological. In high school when I got told, 'Hey, you can't swim, you're black,' I went out and kicked butt and gained the respect of my peers. It's that way in everything."

"But physically?..." asked an observer.

"Yeah, people say it's been proven that blacks have 'heavy bones.' Well, I say flatly there's no such thing as heavy bones. And if there are, hell, white people can sink, too. If you get to the wall fastest and sink doing it, more power to you."

To all appearances, the power was again with diver Greg Louganis, who won the three-meter springboard and later the 10-meter tower on Sunday. Louganis won his gold medal in the springboard by a wide margin, although he dropped to second place after four dives. "He's trying to give it away," fumed his coach at Mission Viejo, Ron O'Brien.



Hayes, here with his bronze in the 1,500, earlier won the 200 freestyle.

O'Brien sat Louganis down and yelled at him: "I know you want to be home; so do I. We came here to take on the Chinese. Now get up there and do it right."

Chastened, Louganis produced a lovely program. His most artistically rewarded dive was the eighth, a reverse $1\frac{1}{2}$ somersault layout. It's not a difficult dive, being rated at 2.6, but Louganis did it so slowly that the crowd gasped. It seemed as if he had abandoned himself to fate, but when he ripped a perfect entry, you knew he had been in control all the way. The judges gave him five 9's and two 9.5's. His newest dive, a reverse $1\frac{1}{2}$ somersault with $3\frac{1}{2}$ twists, which is as difficult as they come, a 3.3, earned him four 9's, an 8.5 and two 8's. No other diver got even one 9.

Louganis' approach to competition is different from O'Brien's. "I compete against myself," he said. "I don't want to be somebody who only cares about winning. What I really strive for is to make the difficult dives look easy, like a ballet dancer makes look effortless what it took him years to learn. I'm out there to put on a performance." Louganis should know how to do that. He graduated from U.C.-Irvine with a degree in drama, with a minor in dance.

It may be that the performer's interpretive temperament is exhausted before the coach's competitive one. "Maybe after the Pan Ams I can go on vacation," said Louganis wistfully. "I want to go camping, where there are no people, just to get away and recoup and regenerate so I can start all over again." Then he gave a glimpse of the sort of sacrifice all Olympians make. "I've never been camping. I'm not sure where I would go. I have to rely on the advice of strangers."

The U.S. team in track and field was even thinner than in swimming. Lay that to their preparations for the World Championships in Helsinki. But you can't call Mike Carter thin. Carter, 6'2", 275 and an SMU senior, won the shotput in the ram with a 64' $9\frac{1}{2}$ " and confirmed his intention to forgo football with the Mustangs and the professional drafts next year to concentrate on the shot for the Olympics. "I

don't mind passing up a lot of money because I never had any," he said. "But, uh, I sure don't know how the SMU alumni will react."

Carter threw in Edmonton "because it's like the world championships of college athletes. An extension of the NCAA." So naturally he won. He has won six out of a possible six indoor and outdoor NCAA shotput championships.

In track the 4 x 400 for men again featured the U.S. vs. the U.S.S.R. As in the pool, the Soviets led after one leg. Evgeny Lomtev bearing a tired Elliott Tabron of Michigan State by a couple of yards. Air Force's Alonzo Babers passed Alexandre Troscolo on the second turn, but couldn't hold him in the stretch, so Sunder Nix of Indiana, the TAC 400-meter champion, received the baton in second. He ran right by Sergei Kutsebo on the backstretch. "When I can get a guy, I get him," he said later. His lead at the exchange with Cliff Wiley, a May graduate of Kansas Law School, was five yards. But the Soviet anchor was Viktor Markin, the 1980 Olympic 400-meter champion. Wiley knew all about him. "He likes to gun you down in the last 100," he said. "My race is to get out fast, and then jump out again at 200, and then hang on. It was going to be dramatic."

Markin made up a yard by the 200, at which point Wiley jumped and Markin



Low graduate Wiley won his race by a brief bit.

stopped gaining. But in the stretch, as Wiley strained and moved out to the second lane, Markin moved up threateningly along the rail. "I would have cut him off, sure I would have," said Wiley, who had the right to move back inside as long as he was leading by a full stride. "When you're dying, you do what you can." It wasn't necessary, as Wiley's legs and form held to the line and the U.S. won in 3:01.24 to 3:01.58.

"We had a good mix of seasoned and not-so-seasoned guys," said Wiley, "which is what this meet is really good for. Alonzo ran a little tentatively, which he'll learn not to do in international competition. But Sunder ripped one, didn't he? I hope the country can understand that we've sent a lot of people here for that kind of experience." He might have been speaking for Silva and Hayes and Carter, too, and even Louganis. "We'll be better for this next year. Much better." **END**

Princess Diana celebrated her 22nd birthday on the opening day.



Pearl Is A Rare Old Gem

At 52, master bodybuilder Bill Pearl shows no signs of slackening his pace. As for his body, it shows no slack, period **by TERRY TODD**

Smudge pots glow on the valley floor down below, giving off heat to save the pear buds. To call this morning would be premature. It is frosty nighttime in Talent, Oregon. Up on the hill a barn light goes on. A man walks to a scale, weighs himself and records the weight on a nearby chart. Two hundred and thirty-four pounds.

This is no common barn; it's checkfull not of hay and Holsteins but of barbells and exercise machines. The man moves from the scale to the radio, turns it on to a country music station, adjusts the volume and then sits on an exercise bicycle. His breathing gradually quickens, coming in steaming puffs in the unheated building as he drives the pedals down. It isn't quite 4 a.m. This is no ordinary man, but for him it's an ordinary morning.

His name is Bill Pearl, and he's the Sam Snead, Bill Tilden, George Blanda, Gordie Howe of bodybuilding. He has what they all had, what few athletes ever have—an ability to perform at the highest levels of a sport at an age when most—if not all—of their original rivals are long retired. Pearl was only 22 years old in 1953, the year he won both the AAU Mr. America and the National Amateur Bodybuilding Association Mr. Universe titles, which were then the premier events in amateur bodybuilding, and he was 47 when he gave a historic exhibition in Indianapolis at the 1978 Mr. America contest on the 25th anniversary of his earlier win.

Normally, when a revered old star is to present such an exhibition, his appearance is saved for last on the program, but in 1978 it was decided to feature Pearl first. Roger Schwab, writing in *Iron Man*, reported: "There would be no dramatic anticipation. When the curtain opened at

continued

Pearl is still in such extraordinary shape that he can bend a horseshoe out of shape.



the start of the show, there was Bill Pearl on the dais, looking finer than he did 25 years ago. Let me reflect for a moment back to the spring of 1964 in Philadelphia at Town Hall. Bill posed before a full house that night of enthusiasts who realized they were seeing perhaps the best in the world. In an unforgettable display, faced with the glare of flashbulbs exploding nonstop, Pearl presented all he had to offer before a standing audience, wildly applauding. This night the scene was identical. Pearl was magnificent. He displayed great roundness and mass of muscle and beautiful skin tone. . . . Pearl was the class of the physiques appearing this evening and would have won this event. . . if circumstances had allowed. (There are no repeat winners in AAU Mr. America competition.)"

Pearl has appeared three times since that night in Indianapolis—at the Mr. Olympia event later in 1978, in Munich in 1980 and in Australia in 1981, when he was 51 years old. And even now, as he approaches 53, with his roseate skin he looks to be 30 and altogether capable of competing with men young enough to be his grandsons. Leaving aside for a moment the critical matter of will, how is

such a thing possible? How can a 52-year-old, no matter how dedicated, retain for so long the appearance of young manhood? Is he some sort of physical anomaly or is he a window through which we may see the future?

Anyone who has spent much time in what is sometimes called the Iron Game has, of course, seen weight trainers over 40 whose physiques were, if not up to Pearl's standard, surprisingly youthful. Apparently there is something about the act of regularly stressing the body with heavy exercise that gives it the wherewithal to resist the visual manifestations of advancing age, which such sports as distance running, cycling or swimming, whose cardiovascular benefits are unquestioned, clearly do not. Consider the way aging ironfolk look, compared to, say, middle-aged runners, who sometimes appear to be older than their years. What else could account for the proud sweep of a veteran lifter's haunch—the first part of the body to slacken—compared to the dwindling thighs of most men beyond 40, or even 30?

The limited research in this area suggests that men and women of middle age will respond to systematic progressive re-

sistance with weights by becoming more powerful and more flexible, with more endurance and less fat. The reasons why this is true are rather complicated, having to do with the body's biochemical goings-on following stressful exercise of this sort. Some of the studies indicate that one of the reasons workouts with weights cause middle-aged men to gain more power and muscular shape than workouts on the jogging track or handball court may be that the stress of progressive resistance weight training causes the body to produce more than the normal amount of the male hormone, testosterone, whereas the stress of the other exercises doesn't.

Even so, bodybuilding, with a few notable exceptions, has been since the beginning a young man's game. The Greeks, in their fascination with the ideal male body, always linked physical perfection with youth, and until the 1970s people in the modern world of weightlifting automatically expected the best men to be in their 20s.

Pearl dealt this thinking a killing blow even before his 1978 exhibition. In 1971, at the age of 40, he entered the professional division of the London-based



Before 4 a.m. the sun may not be up yet in rural Oregon, but bodybuilder Pearl is, working out in the red barn he has turned into a gym.

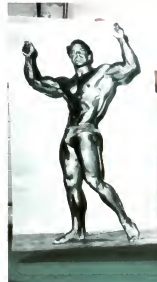
NABBA's Mr. Universe competition. He'd won the event first in 1961 and again in 1967, but it was his appearance in '71 that symbolized his and, by extension, everyone's, ability to hold back the hands of the clock.

The occasion was especially significant in that it was intended to be a showdown of the superstars of the sport: Pearl, Sergio Oliva, Frank Zane, Reg Park and Arnold Schwarzenegger—Schwarzenegger had won the event the three previous years. "I was training as hard as ever," Pearl says now, "but I really didn't figure on competing again until I began to read the challenges being issued by some of the other top men. They were claiming—or others were claiming for them in the muscle magazines—that I was too old. Anyway, they gave me a lot of heat about it, and I guess it bothered me a little, because I decided to give it a shot." It should be explained that in those days, as in these, the world of bodybuilding was riven by factions, and bringing all the best men together in one competition, which rarely happens, was bound to stir up the faithful.

All of this excitement was dampened somewhat when Schwarzenegger dropped out, supposedly because he was saving himself for a Mr. Olympia event to be held a week later in Paris. But Oliva was there in London, along with Zane and Park—though the former hadn't reached, and the latter had gone past, his prime. When the ballots were counted, the margin was a narrow one, but Pearl had edged Oliva, to the delight of the partisan English, who had come to love Pearl over the almost 20 years since he won the amateur section of the event in London in 1953.

His willingness of Pearl's to try again at his age for the top laurels had the effect of galvanizing other bodybuilders, both older and younger, into thinking that retirement was something to come out of or put off. Also, his win gave support to those who advocated bodybuilding competition for men of 40 or more and impetus to a trend that has seen the average age of the contestants in the bigger shows steadily increase over the past decade.

So, in many ways and for a very long time, Pearl has been The Man in the iron game. But, as the proverb says, the boy is growing to the man. Pearl grew up for the most part in Yakima, Wash. His father, who owned a variety of small businesses,



Then and now: At the unheard-of age of 40, Pearl won his third Mr. Universe title.

and his mother, who kept house and set a good table, were both predominantly of American Indian descent. "My dad had it pretty rough growing up. I guess, being an Indian and all," says Pearl, "and he never talked much about it. I think he'd been made ashamed of it. He was afraid it might be hard on us, too, me and Harold, my older brother."

Harold also played a significant role in the making of the man, as older brothers often do. "He beat me like a gong, regularly," says Pearl. "And I didn't like it much. I was desperate to build myself up. I started out when I was 11 by going around the neighborhood offering to chop wood for people and trying to pick up and carry all sorts of heavy things. But the breakthrough came just after the war, when a friend of mine brought a *Strength & Health* magazine over to my house. It had a picture on the cover of a guy—Clancy Ross—who had the greatest build I'd ever seen. I started right then to save money to buy a barbell set. Deliveries were much delayed at that time, because of the backlog of orders that had piled up when production of barbells was restricted during the war, and it was almost two years later when the set finally came. I didn't really know what I was doing with

them when I got them, but I did my best to train in between my sports in high school. The coaches said to stay away from the weights, of course. Those were the days when coaches still thought lifting would make athletes musclebound."

But the weights, as he was quick to realize, were helping him athletically. Pearl wrestled, captained his school's track team (he was a sprinter and a shotputter) and played good enough football that upon graduation several local colleges offered to put him through school in return for his services as a fullback and defensive lineman. But adventure called, and the 5' 11", 190-pound Pearl decided to join the Navy, serving for four years on ships operating out of West Coast naval bases. One of his regular ports was San Diego, and it was there in 1950 that he met a man who would change his life.

Leo Stern was still a young man—29 years old—in 1950, but he had lifted weights for over a decade and had owned a gym since 1946. He had a fine physique and was intelligent and forceful; he became a second father to Pearl.

"Bill was a strong-looking, rawboned boy back then," Stern recalls. "I never could have guessed what he would become. He looked like a big farm kid. He

continued

had those thick wrists and forearms and strong, stocky legs. But it was what was on the inside that made the difference. I've been around a lot of dedicated people in my time, but I've never seen anyone as disciplined as Bill. And he seemed amazingly ego-free. I could criticize a certain body part and he never took it personally. He'd just redesign his program to bring that part up to par."

It was under Leo Stern's guidance that Pearl had his great year in 1953, winning everything in sight. Charles A. Smith of *Muscle Power* magazine wrote, "Bill Pearl, trained by Leo Stern, was the obvious winner. His leg development... was massive, yet had a pleasing proportion. His arm development was immense, yet deceiving. You saw the tapering torso, the proportionate thighs, the back—broad, sloping, defined—standing out ridge by ridge."

However, to Stern and especially to Pearl, the success of '53 was almost completely unexpected. Pearl was, after all, an unknown, with less than three years' real bodybuilding training, and much of that had been done aboard ship. But his sudden importance in the then small field of bodybuilding failed to change him, according to Stern, "Bill was always quiet and genuinely modest, and he still is, which is rare among physique men." His mother, for example, was unaware of his victory in the Mr. America event until she read about it in the local papers, whereupon she wrote, "Bill, I've been saving your clothes, but if that was really your picture they'll never fit you now."

As it happened, his mother wasn't the only one who'd been saving. Pearl wanted to open a gym, so every two months he had bought three war bonds, and by the time he got out of the Navy in 1954 he had accumulated \$2,800. He immediately began to look for a location. He loved San Diego, but of course Stern was already there. "To tell you the truth, I really wanted to stay in San Diego," Pearl says, "but I didn't want to feel I was taking business away from Leo. He had helped me so much. He and his wife had fed me for months at a time, and he took money out of his own pocket lots of times to pay our way to contests." Finally Pearl decided to open a gym in Sacramento. The \$2,800 didn't go very far, but he scraped by and gradually was able to buy and build better and better equip-

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ment. Looking back he says, "I'd be too scared to try it now with so little money."

But it was less the money than it was the monkish dedication to the gym and its members that guaranteed his eventual success. The traits that have helped him maintain through the years his phenomenal body are the same ones that allowed him to not only survive but also to prosper in a demanding business. "My whole life revolved around the gym," he says. "I put in from 14 to 18 hours a day then, every day, for years and years. I cleaned the place, built most of the equipment and began to train before we opened so I could give all my time during our normal hours to my customers. The early morning workouts appealed to me, and I've kept them up ever since."

During the Sacramento years, Pearl married Sylvia Thompson and they had three children—two girls, Kimberly and René, now 27 and 25, and a boy, Phil, 26. As Pearl's family grew, so did his business ambitions, and before he decided he'd rather make less money and live a more regular life he'd built a string of eight more health clubs in northern California. But the travel involved in supervising the gyms' operations forced him to limit his training, and in 1959, having already disposed of the other eight gyms, he sold his original one, moved to Los Angeles and bought a well-established gym from George Redpath.

Again, he was successful. He and Sylvia had been divorced in 1962, and in 1966 he married Judy Rogers, a beautifully built, serious-minded physical fitness buff 13 years his junior. Young physique men flocked to train with him, and he in turn was spurred by their presence to stay in shape. People on the West Coast still tell stories of how Pearl would harn those young guys down who tried to match him weight for weight, rep for rep.

Pearl's competitive nature and great strength led the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* to hire him for a while in 1967-68 to serve as an escort for workers who needed help in crossing a union picket line. With a friend, Chuck Fish, a 300-pound professional wrestler, he would take the men in and then out through the lines. "It was rough," he recalls. "Those strikers meant business. We got into some kind of fight almost every day." An indication of just how rough it was is the fact that a few weeks after Bill had begun

continued

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this work, two of the newspaper's non-union employees were shot, one of them to death, a circumstance that convinced Pearl the gym business would provide him with all the excitement he really needed. He laughs about it now. "Chuck loved it, but to tell the truth, the pressure got to me," he says. "Every day my palms would drip sweat as the time got close to cross the lines. A pistol could kill me as fast as the next guy—big pees won't stop a bullet."

Pearl moved from L.A. to Pasadena in 1968, and he began to work with Stern again on a weekly basis. As they had done for so many years, they mapped out exercise routines together and took thousands of photographs that served as guides as they went about the business of fine-tuning Pearl's body—adding a little here, taking a little there. One of the things that had come out of such collaboration was the first modern series of training courses produced and marketed by a top physique man. This series served as the prototype for the many dozens of similar ones that now produce most of the income of the name bodybuilders.

Pearl has also been a revival of old strongmen's traditions. He has a special reverence for the circus strongmen and vaudeville performers of the past, such as the legendary Eugene Sandow, and he learned to duplicate many of their feats—bending spokes and horseshoes and lifting globe-ended barbells of the sort used around the turn of the century. He sometimes even went so far as to wear bear-skin trunks, Roman sandals and a mustache as he posed and performed. An



Carefully not quite nose to nose, Pearl confers with one of his Oregon neighbors.

example of just how strong he was, and still is, is his ability to tear in half with his bare hands two California license plates at a time.

This respect for older ways and things surfaces elsewhere in Pearl's life. He is a collector of art nouveau and art deco bronzes, Tiffany lamps and other antiques, and his home in the rolling hills of southern Oregon is filled with these and other oddments that suit his and Judy's eclectic taste. But aside from bodybuilding, his deepest passion is for antique automobiles. "I'm just an old pock rat," he says laughingly as he displays his cars, most of which he has personally restored and all of which he maintains himself. "I've never sold one. That one over there—that 1929 Model A roadster pick-up—I got when I was still in high school. My folks kept it for me when I was in the service." He also has the following, all in mint condition: an 1899 Mariboro Steam Car, a 1906 Model M Ford, a 1909 Model T Ford roadster, a Stanley Steamer (circa 1910), a 1915 Model T Ford, a 1932 Ford sedan delivery car and a 1934 Ford V-8.

Back in 1968 Pearl had opened what was to be his last gym, a huge, plush bodybuilding club. It was another success, but in 1979 he decided to phase

himself out of the gym business altogether and retired to Oregon, where his days now go as follows: 3 a.m. to 4, wake, brush teeth, drink herb tea; 4 to 7:30, lift weights; 7:30 to 8:30, shower and breakfast; 8:30 to 8:45, drive to the offices of his health food and gym equipment distributorship in Medford; 8:45 to noon, work with son Phil and wife Judy on the mail-order end of things (courses, health food, exercise equipment, etc.) and by phone with his many salesmen and customers around the country; noon to 1 p.m., lunch at a local restaurant; 1 to 4, back to business for more of the same; 4 to 4:30, drive home and put on work clothes; 4:30 to 6:30, work outside on some part of his 65-acre, four-building spread, or, if the weather isn't clement, inside on the car collection; 6:30 to 7:15, have dinner at home with Judy; 7:15 to 9, read or watch TV; 9 to 3 a.m., sleep.

Pearl invested much of the money he made in the gym business in real estate in the Greater Los Angeles area, and his training courses and equipment continue to sell well, as does his encyclopedic book, the 638-page *Keys to the Inner Universe*, which he published privately in 1978 and which to date has sold more than 50,000 copies at \$32.95 (soft cover) or \$52.95 (hard cover) per copy. It is far and away the most thorough book in the bodybuilding field. Pearl has also developed a line of health food products for Shamrock Laboratories.

Moreover, Pearl is a trainer of world-class bodybuilders. For years he has been a magnet for many of the best men in the game, and Stern believes no one has personally coached as many top performers

continued



Larger and smaller than life: Pearl with miniature bronze.

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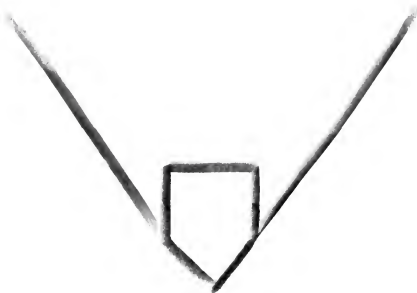
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Pearl quit cycling for more time with Judy, who whips up lacto-ovo-vegetarian dishes.

BILL PEARL *continued*

to titles as Pearl. His pupils have won 14 Mr. Universe and nine Mr. America titles. Even since moving to Oregon to, as Pearl puts it, "just sort of kick back," he has continued to work with a few men who have the fortitude to endure those daily 4 a.m. workouts in that unheated barn. His prize student is Chris Dickerson, at 43 a mere broth of a boy and current holder of the crown with the most cachet, Mr. Olympia.

"I walked into Bill's gym in LA in 1962 and told him I wanted to be Mr. America," Dickerson says. "It was kind of outrageous of me, because I had never trained with weights, I was only five-five, and black besides. I was serious, though, and Bill saw that and helped me start out right. Every time since then when I've been preparing for a big contest and was able to train with him, I did. This last summer, for instance, before the Mr. Olympia contest, I lived in his guest house for three months and trained with him every morning. He teaches partly by example, and it was a great inspiration to watch him burn it the way he does. We matched each other set for set, and I had more trouble keeping up the pace than he did. He'd drive me through those sessions every morning, and every afternoon after work he'd come back home and work with me on my posing, getting every detail just right. He never took a dime for

any of it—he wouldn't hear of it. 'Leo did it for me,' he'd say."

Walt Whitman's old athlete in *Leaves of Grass* would understand.

I am the teacher of athletes.

He that by me spreads a wider breast than my own proves the width of my own.

Just so. Yet, as Pearl extends himself to help those who ask, he holds nothing back in his own pursuit of a vigorous, healthy body that looks—to the degree permitted by genetics, age and will—exactly as he wants it to. He's adamant in his determination to train without ceasing and thus remain forever outside the city limits of Geeserville.

"Years ago I thought that one day I might quit training, but now I know I never will," he says. "I've always been happiest trying to take what I've been given and improve on it, whether it was an old car or my left dehorn. As I've gotten older I've made a few changes to give myself the best chance to stay fit and healthy. I got out of the stress of the day-to-day running of gyms, and Judy and I became lacto-ovo-vegetarians in 1967. I even cycled 50 miles a day there for a few years, but the cycling took time that I

wanted to spend with Judy. Even I have limits to how much time I'll spend exercising. I know the cycling was good for me, but my resting pulse is only in the low 50s at a bodyweight of 230 to 235 pounds, and my blood pressure only averages 120 over 70, so I guess I'm pretty well covered there. I know I live a narrow life, in a way, but I'm doing what I want to do. To tell you the truth, I feel wonderful."

Watching him train, watching him lead the young men who come each morning to join him in the barn, watching him polish his lovely old cars, watching his pleasant face smile again and again as he swaps stories about the iron game, watching him consume with such evident delight another helping of one of Judy's casseroles and watching his—no other word will do, debased though it may have become—awesome 52-year-old body, the conclusion is inescapable that he is, indeed, *sui generis*, one of a kind—a Pearl of great price.



As his teacher Pearl used to be, Dickerson is an international title holder in his 40s.



Lynn's haymaker off Hammaker was the first grand slam home run in All-Star history.

by Jim Kaplan

The situation was already pretty special. It was the third inning of last week's All-Star Game in Chicago's Comiskey Park, and the American League, winless for 11 straight years, had taken a 5-1 lead. But with the bases loaded and California's Fred Lynn awaiting a 2-2 pitch from the Giants' Atlee Hammaker, two players on the American League bench sensed that something epochal was at hand.

"He better not throw an inside slider," Milwaukee Catcher Ted Simmons told Lynn's Angel teammate, Third Baseman Doug DeCinces.

"If he does," said DeCinces, "Fred-die'll put it in the seats."

Seconds later Hammaker threw an inside slider, a pitch American Leaguers know from long and painful experience that Lynn frequently hammers. Lynn, who had moved closer to the plate, bent lower and choked higher on the bat with a two-strike count, uncoiled from his closed, pigeon-toed stance and took a swing that resembled a classic topspin tennis backhand, following through with his left knee low and his right hand high. The ball headed straight for the rightfield seats and history: Surprisingly, it was the first grand slam in 50 years of All-Star competition.

Lynn had a grand time

Fred Lynn's dramatic shot helped make him an All-Star winner at last

Normally a reserved fellow, Lynn thrust his right fist high over his head as he ran around the bases. "All right, we might win the game!" he thought, and so of course the American League did, coasting to a 13-3 victory.

Despite having been a Rookie of the Year (1975), and a Most Valuable Player in both a playoff series (1982) and for a whole season (1975), Lynn had been a suffering star when it came to All-Star Games. He had been a participant and a loser in each of his eight full seasons as a major leaguer. "That was eight years of frustration disappearing in all that emotion," he said.

No sooner had he been named the game's MVP than Lynn was headed for the scene of his major league birth, Boston's Fenway Park, where he played from late 1974 through '80. To Lynn's old Red Sox teammates, his homecoming evoked

sweet—and wistful—memories. "There was no way to pitch him when he played here," said Leftfielder Jim Rice. "I wish we still had him."

"Probably the best all-around talent I've ever watched," said Rightfielder Dwight Evans. "Just a graceful, beautiful athlete. Hitting a ball for him was like chopping wood for me."

Old Boston weren't the only ones singing Lynn's praises. He has been an All-Star starter six times and this year led all American League outfielders in the balloting. "Someone appreciates my style of play," he says.

Alas, not everyone. Though he's averaged .300 with 18.5 homers and 78.5 runs batted in from '75 through '82, many observers feel he has only scratched the surface of his talent. They say he's forever taking himself out of the lineup with questionable injuries, especially when his team is about to face left-handed pitching. "Fred is as good as he wants to be, day in and day out," says California Shortstop Rick Burleson, who was also Lynn's teammate in Boston. "As far as ability goes, he's among the best in the game. I sometimes wonder if his motivation is there all the time."

In his defense, Lynn has suffered a considerable variety of real injuries—sprained wrist, torn ankle ligaments, pulled groin muscle, broken toe, broken ribs and a generally wrecked left knee that required surgery. On average, he misses 17% of a season's games.

"As an outfielder, you can only play if you can run," says Lynn, "and the only time I don't play is when I can't run. You're a liability if you play half-speed when you're hurt and can't contribute. Also, you might rejure yourself. Is it better to play two games and then miss two months, or miss two games and play two months?"

He has a point. Many a player, succumbing to peer pressure and macho pride, has returned too soon after an injury and ruined his career. Even the gritty Burleson—a man hitting an extraordinary .538 since returning on June 30 from a 1½-year absence because of an injured rotator cuff in his right shoulder—

continued

Taste is all it takes to switch to Jim Beam.



der—understands that lesson. Early in his rehabilitation Burleson discovered that trying to do too much too soon set him back.

But neither injuries nor a dislike of tough southpaws can fully explain Lynn's in-and-out behavior. The pattern isn't that simple. Indeed, in 1977 he played most of the season on bad ankles; during a series against the Yankees several years ago he rested against two righthanders he hits well and played against two lefties he doesn't. "He often takes himself out because he's mentally tired," says a veteran Lynn-watcher. "Some people are good for 162 games; he's good for about 140." Lynn himself suggests as much when he says, "Baseball is a very grueling sport, and when you play a full schedule of 162 games, you're more susceptible to injury."

When Lynn does play, there's no questioning either his attitude or performance, especially in pressure situations. "I'm an aggressive hitter and fielder," says Lynn. "I'm a free swinger who likes to drive the ball and doesn't like to bunt. If a ball is hit anywhere near me in the outfield, I figure it's mine."

Lynn was one of the first players to begin using weight training and immediately thereafter had his best year—1979. A successful left-handed batter in righthand-oriented Fenway Park, he learned how to drive the ball to left-center to take advantage of The Wall.

Switching in 1981 to Anaheim Stadium, where left-center is more distant, Lynn adjusted and has become a successful pull hitter, willingly sacrificing a higher average for greater power. It matters not that he was hitting .257 at week's end, having earlier suffered a 4-for-52 slump; he had also contributed 14 homers, 43 RBIs and a team-leading total of eight game-winning RBIs.

Lynn particularly enjoys being able to play near his boyhood home of El Monte. A Southern Californian by upbringing and temperament, he likes nothing more than to fish alone for hours, unless it's to lie by the pool beside his wife, Dee Dee, and children, Jason, 5, and Jennifer, 3. "In the off-season, I just want to relax, spend time with my family, be a normal person," he says.

During the season, however, he's totally captivated by baseball. "This time of the year I tell the kids, 'The ballplayer's living with us now,'" Dee Dee says. Last week the ballplayer was living it up.

INSIDE PITCH

by HERM WEISKOPF

There was more to the two-day All-Star extravaganza than the game action and the splendid staging by the White Sox. Before Tuesday afternoon's oldtimers' exhibition, which the National League won 6-5, there was the historic meeting of former Commissioner Happy Chandler, 85, and Leo Durocher, 77. Chandler



Kittle is the fan favorite and a favored fan.

had suspended The Lap as manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers for the 1947 season for befriending alleged gamblers.

As Chandler was introduced to the crowd, he emerged from the American League dugout, shook the hands of former players from both leagues, who were seated on chairs along the first and third baselines, and sat down facing the National League dugout. But when Durocher was introduced next, Chandler immediately walked to the American League side to avoid the man he hadn't spoken to for more than 35 years. Their last meeting had come in 1948 when Dodger President Branch Rickey had them shake hands during spring training. At Comiskey Park, Durocher ended the long period of estrangement when he shook the hands of his National League

teammates and then walked to the American League side and shook the hands of everyone there—including Chandler.

Quite a few of the 2,500 people who attended Tuesday night's bash thrown by the White Sox at the Navy Pier lost some sleep by lingering late. They also heard White Sox Board Chairman Jerry Reinsdorf go to the mike and ask, "How do you know when [Yankee owner] George Steinbrenner is lying?" Pause. "When you see his lips move."

At a luncheon the next day sponsored by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, Chicago Mayor Harold Washington repeatedly called Kuhn "Barry" and another speaker referred to Detroit's Lou Whitaker as "Bob." That was the second identity problem in Chicago for Sweet Lou. When he tried to get in to see the old-timers' contest, Whitaker was stopped by stadium guards who didn't believe he was a ballplayer and kept him out until a Sox official intervened.

At least Whitaker, who was hitting .310 at the All-Star break and who wound up fifth at his position in the voting, was selected to his league's team. Two years ago, Houston infielder Art Howe wasn't on the All-Star squad despite leading the National League with a .344 average. This year, First Baseman Ray Knight of the Astros, whose .336 was second in the league, was "hurt and disappointed" because he wasn't chosen. George Hendrick of St. Louis, though, showed little enthusiasm about having been named, arriving just before the game and leaving before it ended.

An entirely different attitude was shown by Expo Catcher Gary Carter, who delayed having a cortisone shot in his ailing left elbow so he could play. By taking the shot after the game Carter had to miss the next three regular-season games while recuperating—a dangerously unconventional decision for a team in a tight pennant race. Montreal President John McHale said, "I think a player's

OOPS!

Merv Centerfielder Monte Wilson completed a novel "cycle" in the first inning of Friday's 6-3 loss to Houston. He slipped to the Shea Stadium turf while fielding a double to his right, fell as he went after a single to his left and then toppled as he went straight back, caught and then dropped what was ruled a triple.

first duty is to be at the All-Star Game. That game is bigger than a player or a team. It's for all of baseball."

None of the 88 oldtimers or 58 current stars in Chicago drew more crowd response than White Sox rookie Ken Kittle, who had turned on Chicagoans with his charisma—and 18 homers—by All-Star time. Kittle in turn was so excited about being on the American League team that he had other All-Stars sign the hat pictured with him. During pregame batting practice Kittle inspired his followers even more by smashing two balls onto the stadium roof. Chicago fans gave Kittle such a prolonged and boisterous ovation during the pregame introductions that he tipped his cap three times. And while he sat on the bench until the seventh inning, his rosters periodically chanted, "Kittle, Kittle, Kittle," to let it be known they wanted him in the game. The fans even called on Kittle to pinch-hit before Fred Lynn hit his record grand slam homer. On and on went the yells, notably crescendo when Kittle was inserted in leftfield in the top of the seventh, when he singled in the bottom of that inning, when he shifted to right in

BALL PARK FIGURES

By becoming the winning pitcher in last week's All-Star Game, Toronto's Dave Stieb missed out on joining some pretty fast company—the American League losers the previous 11 years:

1972—Dave McNally, Baltimore
1973—Bert Blyleven, Minnesota
1974—Lun Tien, Boston
1975—Curtis Hunter, Oakland
1976—Mark Fidrych, Detroit
1977—Jim Palmer, Baltimore
1978—Goose Gosage, New York
1979—Jim Keri, Cleveland
1980—Tommy John, New York
1981—Rollie Fingers, Milwaukee
1982—Dwight Gooden, Boston

was socked for a memorable homer by Ted Williams in the 1946 All-Star Game. Although he didn't meet the qualifications to be invited to the oldtimers' affair last week, Sewell, 76, who has had both legs amputated because of a circulatory disorder, wasn't miffed. He put it this way: "Heck, if we'd a went and been put up in a hotel, by the time my wife walked around in the bathtub, put on bath powder, put on her 18-hour girdle, put on her five-day deodorant, sprayed five-hour hair spray on, put on eight-hour mascara, put on her odor-eater shoes and dressed, and by the time I washed, shaved, slicked down my hair, dressed, shined my shoes, put in my false teeth and screwed on my two legs, the game would a been over with."

Kansas City Manager Dick Howser had to talk G.M. John Schuerholz into signing Seattle castoff Gaylord Perry. Says Howser of the 44-year-old pitcher, "I think our younger pitchers can learn from him how to attack a hitter." ... Among players with at least 100 at bats this season, these were some of the American League leaders through the All-Star break in hitting with men in scoring position: Cleveland's Pat Tabler (.477), Texas' Mickey Rivers (.472) and Baltimore's Dan Ford (.444). ... Yankee First Baseman-Outfielder Ken Griffey, who was third in the American League with a .333 average, went on the disabled list after reinjuring his right hamstring. ... "My confidence is completely shot," says Red Sox Third Baseman Wade Boggs, whose 17 errors only give a hint of his fielding troubles. ... At

week's end Boston pinch hitters led the AL with a .353 average. Others at better than .300 were California (.343), Texas (.320), Cleveland (.314) and Toronto (.304). Bringing up the rear were Detroit (.175) and Milwaukee (.171). ... Ranger Catcher Jim Sundberg admits he's "confused" by fiery Manager Doug Rader, who has yelled at him several times. "I'm a sensitive person," Sundberg says. "I tend to melt a little bit."

Several weeks ago, White Sox Coach Charley Lau took himself off the active coaching roster in order to make room for Loren Babe, 55, a Sox advance scout who has inoperable cancer. Under a special provision in baseball's insurance coverage, Babe was then named to the team's coaching staff and became eligible for full medical benefits. After all, Lau, 50, would continue his duties as batting instructor and was in good health. Or so he thought. Last week Lau had surgery for cancer of the colon and is at home recuperating, though he visited Comiskey Park last Friday. Fortunately, his status with the club means his medical bills will all be covered by insurance.

While Houston's Nolan Ryan was striking out 12 Mets in eight innings and winning 6-3 last week his fastball consistently was clocked on a JUGS radar gun at 92 to 93 mph. When he reached back in tough situations his clockings went up to 95 mph. ... "We've won nine of our last 11 series," said San Diego Manager Dick

BACK ON TRACK

RICKY HENDERSON: His sore ribs all but healed, the Oakland speedster was on the run again with 15 stolen bases in seven games through Sunday. He led the majors with 47 steals and has nine to reach 100. ... **DAVE SMITH:** The Houston reliever has his fastball back up to 94 mph, which is where it was when he was a rookie whiz in 1980. He'd faltered the last two seasons and had back pains for a year and elbow trouble in April, but overcame both by throwing more overhead after a study of films and a suggestion by Bullpen Catcher Stretch Suba. ... **TOMMY HERR:** The Cardinal second baseman, who'd been playing hurt, should have more range ahead and could well steal more bases now that he's fully recovered from his second knee operation, performed March 25, and from the aspiration of a cyst from behind his left knee a month ago.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DAVE RIGHETTI: The 24-year-old lefty became the first Yankee since 1956 to pinch a no-hitter, beating the Red Sox 4-0 as he struck out nine batters, walked four and ran his season record to 10-3.

Williams at the All-Star break. "If we keep playing like this, we'll win all the marbles." Since May 27 the Padres have had the best record in the National League (25-16). ... There were two reasons why at week's end Jerry Reuss of the Dodgers had lost six of seven decisions in his last game appearances despite a 2.29 ERA in those games: His teammates got him only 17 runs and gave up 10 unearned ones. ... Montreal Pitcher Scott Sanderson had surgery to repair torn ligaments in his right thumb and should miss the rest of the season.

the eighth, and when he faced and was whiffed by Cub Reliever Lee Smith later that inning.

One former player who wasn't there in person but kept popping up in All-Star film footage and reminiscences was Truett (Rip) Sewell, whose eephus pitch

by Jack Falla



We could start with Flash Gordon, the Beach Boys, the Brits, the ogre, the parrots or the sheik, but to take it—literally—from the top, we should begin with the mushroom.

With its white hemispherical roof resembling a 10-acre mushroom cap—a size not wholly out of scale in the splendid vastness of the Canadian Pacific Northwest—the newly opened domed Stadium at British Columbia Place sits in Vancouver's downtown core, with the Coast Mountains to the north, the waters of False Creek to the south and, through the season's early going, by far the best team in the NASL under its air-supported roof.

With a 5-3 win over the Montreal Manic last Thursday and a 2-0 victory over the defending champion Cosmos Sunday at the Mushroom, the Vancouver Whitecaps moved toward the two-thirds mark of the regular season with a league-

The 'Caps are mushrooming

With its new dome, Vancouver has become top drawer and a top draw

leading 16-2 record, the best start in the 'Caps' 10-year history and the second-best any team has made in the 16 years of the NASL. More startling, should the Whitecaps continue at their current average of 28,450 paid attendance per game, they will become the first NASL franchise to make a profit since the now-defunct Minnesota Kicks finished in the black in 1977.

"About \$150,000 in the black, not counting income from playoffs or the Soccer Bowl," says Vancouver's English-

born president and general manager, Peter Bridgwater, whose team last year lost \$1.5 million and was eliminated in the first round of the playoffs by San Diego, which is presently sunk at the bottom of the Western Division. Bridgwater might as well count on some playoff money, because the 'Caps are all but a lock to be among the eight clubs in the 12-team NASL qualifying for postseason play. At week's end Vancouver was 45 points ahead of second-place Golden Bay in the divisional standings and 28 points in front of the Cosmos in the overall standings. Should the 'Caps win the regular-season race, they will break the Cosmos' five-year stranglehold on that distinction.

And as for Soccer Bowl '83, the Oct. 1 league championship game is already scheduled to be played in Vancouver's new stadium.

While the 60,000-seat, \$124.5-million facility was built by the provincial gov-



Vancouver's new facility—The Stadium at B.C. Place—has the Coast Mountains behind, False Creek in front and Cross, here scoring a header against Montreal, inside.



ernment as part of its preparations for the 1986 Vancouver World's Fair and as a permanent home for the Whitecaps, the Canadian Football League's B.C. Lions and a hoped-for major league baseball franchise, it was also a major influence on Bridgwater's rebuilding of his team and has been a factor in the 'Caps' current success.

Hours after being eliminated from the playoffs last year, Bridgwater and Vancouver Coach John Giles, a former English League star midfielder, decided on the kind of changes they had to make. "We knew we had a marvelous opportunity with the championship game to be played in our stadium," says Bridgwater, "but we also knew we weren't going to get there with the roster we had then. We needed more high-profile imported players."

While increased reliance on foreign players may look like a step backward in a league whose eventual public acceptance is thought to depend on the North Americanization of the game and whose rules call for teams to have four North American citizens on the field at all times, Bridgwater contends that "fans—at least our fans—don't care that much about seeing an all-Canadian side. What they want to see is an attractive, exciting, winning side."

And what the fans want is necessarily a major concern for Bridgwater, who is faced with having to average 25,000 per game to break even in the new stadium, or "about 10,000 more per game than we had to average at Empire." Decrepit,

32,375-seat Empire Stadium was the home of the Whitecaps for their first four home games this season until the new stadium opened on June 20.

When Bridgwater's belief in the value of foreign and was combined with Giles's axiom that "great teams have great players up the middle"—e.g., goal, center back, center midfield, striker—the result was the acquisition between the seasons of three English stars who have lifted Vancouver to its present eminence. The Brits—up-the-middle players all—are: Center Back Dave Watson, an English international and veteran of more than 600 English League games; Striker David Cross, top scorer in the English League in 1980-81 with West Ham United; and Center Midfielder Frans Thijssen (pronounced TY-sen), a Dutch-born player who made his mark in the English League as 1980-81 Footballer of the Year with Ipswich Town.

The only exception to Bridgwater's scheme of making imported stars the backbone of his revamped team is in goal, where a Canadian citizen, Tino Lettieri, a seven-year NASL veteran and second-year Whitecap, currently leads the league's keepers with an 0.77 goals-per-game average. But Lettieri is accustomed to being an exception. If most goalies tend to be somewhat eccentric, Lettieri is close to wacko.

With the 'Caps in Tampa to play the Rowdies last year, the short, swarthy Lettieri—"I'm five-foot-eight in life, but six-foot-seven in goal," he says—wrapped himself in a bed sheet, put on sunglasses, feigned an Arab accent and posed as a sheik trying to reserve 80 rooms at the Bay Harbor Inn "for my harem." When told that the hotel didn't have 80 vacant rooms, Lettieri insisted on seeing the owner, who, by the by, is George Steinbrenner, before deliberately blowing his cover by reaching into his sheet and pulling out stacks of play money, which he threw around the lobby.

Then there are the parrots. Before each game, Lettieri places a stuffed parrot beside his goal—"to keep an eye on me and bring me good luck," he says. Lettieri has two live parrots at home, including his pride and joy, 3-year-old Ozzie, for whom he paid \$1,800 and for whom he has been offered \$2,000. Lettieri confides that he might be able to get the price up to \$10,000 "if I can teach him to speak Italian.... Now he only speaks English."

continued

Though Lettieri insists "there are no clown acts once the game starts," he departed from that policy on July 3 in a 3-0 win over San Diego. With the Whitecaps leading late in the game, Soccer Forward Ade Coker, who had had the Vancouver fans on him all night for having injured 'Cap Centerback Mark Nicketas in a June 22 game at San Diego, was on the ground in front of Lettieri, writhing in pain. As play moved upfield, Lettieri, using his hand as an imaginary gun, pumped several shots into Coker, to the delight of the 24,331 on hand.

"The crowds are the best part of the new stadium," says Lettieri. "When we got more than 60,000 in here for the opener I got chills from the noise. But I think this year we have to get to the Soccer Bowl. If we do not do that, we may lose them."

Possible but not likely. Vancouver fans, many of English, Scottish and Irish descent or birth, combined with what Bridgwater calls "a good representation of Italian, Greek and Chinese," form a highly knowledgeable and appreciative audience that seems much like a European crowd, an impression that is strengthened by such things as the repeated use of an old Cornwall rugby cheer, to wit: *Leader, "Oggie, Oggie, Oggie." Fans, "Oy, Oy, Oy." This is repeated several times. What does it mean? "Hey," says Bridgwater, "what does "Hip, hip, hooray" mean?"*

On Thursday the "oggies" and "oys" rang freely under the dome as the Whitecaps sprinted to a 4-0 lead on Eastern Division tailender Montreal in the first 57:10, a blowout ignited by Cross, who scored twice in a 10:28 span of the first half before playing most of the rest of the game in a daze following a midair head-to-head collision with Montreal Defender Frantz Mathieu. "I was on Mongo the rest of the game," said Cross, referring to a fictional planet in the old *Flash Gordon* TV series. "Gordon was my hero," says Cross. "He'd get into some terrible new scrape every week, but the Emperor King or none of them could ever stop him."

There isn't much stopping Cross these days. He scored both 'Cap goals on Sunday,



Lettieri's parrot nose how to get around.

and his 12 goals and 3 assists for 27 points on the season moved him into a tie for sixth place among the league's scorers. Much of Cross and Vancouver's success up front stems from Giles's tactics of having his all-English forward line of Cross and wings Carl Valentine and Peter Beardsley play conventional English-style soccer, with Valentine and Beardsley often staying wide and lofting accurate crosses for Cross to convert.

But, in the back and at midfield, the 'Caps depart from conventional English long ball in favor of quick accurate passes and a lot of running by everybody. The brilliant passing of Thigssen—Vancouver

ver's CKWY radio talk-show host, Neil MacRae, has called him "the Wayne Gretzky of soccer"—and the ball handling skills of Irishman Fran O'Brien and Scotsman Peter Lorimer at times appear to give the Whitecaps a six-man forward line. "Giles only knows two positions," says Lettieri, "attack and defense. Here, everybody plays both."

"But the new stadium has helped our play, too," says Canadian Defender Bob Lenarduzzi, a 'Cap since the team was founded in 1974. "Its field is six feet wider than Empire's, and that gives us more room for playmaking."

"And because it's indoors it's not pitched for drainage," says Lorimer, who claims that the crest on the Empire field "always made the ball run down and away from you."

Players have also praised the cushioning under the West German-made Poligrass carpet, claiming it's softer and therefore less dangerous than other artificial turfs in the league.

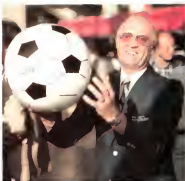
But even with his new house in order and his team winning, Bridgwater still keeps a nervous eye on attendance, which, after the opener, dropped steadily down into the 20,000 range, bottoming at 21,640 Thursday before climbing back to 50,205 for the Cosmos game.

"A crowd of twelve thousand would have looked respectable in Empire, but it would look frighteningly small in this place," says Bridgwater. With the idea of removing the specter of 50,000 or so empty seats for the second appearance of

lowly Montreal on July 20, the Whitecaps have booked the Beach Boys for a post-game concert included in the price of admission. "There are times," Bridgwater says, "when you have to sell more than soccer."

To squeeze extra mileage out of the 'Caps' current marketing theme, Catch the Wave—PR Director Jack Leonard says he'll ask the Beach Boys to open the concert with their classic, *Catch A Wave*. "The lyrics are perfect," says Leonard. "Don't be afraid to try the greatest sport around/ Those who don't just have to put it down."

It's hard to put down the Whitecaps as they ride a wave no one may catch. **END**



Bridgwater's having a ball making that NASL rarity—a profit.



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Take a moment to study the photograph above. What it reveals is an unparalleled achievement in video cassette recorder engineering. The RCA 900 Convertible.



On the one hand, and one hand is all that's required, it's the first instantly portable VCR. The first VCR without cables joining the recording deck to the tuner-timer. One need only push to connect, pull to disconnect. There's no fuss, no muss, no bother.

It immediately converts to a lightweight, compact, complete movie outfit with the addition of a camera (like RCA's astonishingly versatile CC015). And it operates more than 60 minutes on a single charge of its nickel-cadmium battery (not included).

On the other hand, it's the first table model (or portable, for that matter) to offer a recording/playback system with five heads instead of four. And you get amazingly clear, jitter-free special effects at two speeds (SP & SLP) instead of one.

It takes two sharp eyes to discover where the recording deck leaves off and the tuner-timer begins. Without making a feature-by-feature comparison, about the only way to distinguish the 900 from any other top-of-the-line table model is its name: The Convertible.

There's more, of course. More than a dozen other outstanding features. Up to 21-day electronic programming, eight-event/eight-hour recording capability, sound-on-sound and stereo playback, audio and video dubbing, 133-channel capability (63 cable, where available), even — incredibly — frequency-synthesized tuning that locates and locks incoming signals precisely on track.

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All of which can only lead to one conclusion:

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One federal court has ruled that in-home recording of copyrighted television programs is copyright infringement. Such recordings should not be made. For the complete text of SelectaVision VCR models and color video cameras, write to: RCA Consumer Electronics, Department 33-3478, 600 North Shuman Drive, Indianapolis, IN 46201.

Trespassing technology

From raceways to fairways, TV is trodding in places it shouldn't

At some juncture in the last few years, perhaps when a CBS camera seemed to scare Pleasant Colony in the gate at the Belmont in 1981, or when NBC wired Florida State Coach Bobby Bowden for sound during the '80 Orange Bowl, or when ABC dragged Ken Bryant in 1982 for one of its umpteenth sideline interviews, it became all too evident that TV and sports are headed for a collision. Consider the elements: on one hand, the integrity of play and the right to privacy for athletes and coaches; on the other, TV's technological wizardry and insatiable curiosity. When does reportage become intrusion? That's a question that ought to be addressed now, not when USFL quarterbacks have cameras in their helmets or Cale Yarborough reports his blood pressure to CBS at 210 mph in the Daytona 500.

This already has been a year of borderline intrusion. CBS made chitchat with Yarborough at Daytona as he was entering the third turn of the pace lap at 85 mph, seconds before getting the green. Never mind that the conversation made for television *vérité* or that Yarborough won the race. His concentration had to be affected. At Indianapolis, where mechanics have been known to spend thousands of dollars to remove every last pound possible from a 500 race car, this year owner Roger Penske agreed to place a six-pound ABC minicam just behind the right shoulder of Al Unser Sr. and of Rick Mears.

This also has been the year of the USFL sideline interview, a manifestation of a creeping disease we might call Player Distraction Syndrome. Why ABC's Tim Brant, an excellent reporter, can't simply tell us that Bronco the halfback has a pulled groin muscle without interrupting Bronco himself is the \$64 question. Sideline interviews are like a lottery. You wade through 20,000 words of drivel for

a one-line winner. Finally, let's not overlook the World Invitational High Dive Championship on ABC in May. As daredevils climbed to a specially miked platform the size of a postage stamp 170 feet in the sky, announcer Ken Sitberger asked them such inanities as "How d'ya feel up there, pal? A little scared?"

by William Taaffe

All this could make for great television, but it could also create a kind of exhibitionism within sport. If there's a fan who hasn't felt vaguely uneasy when TV sticks its nose into a basketball huddle at

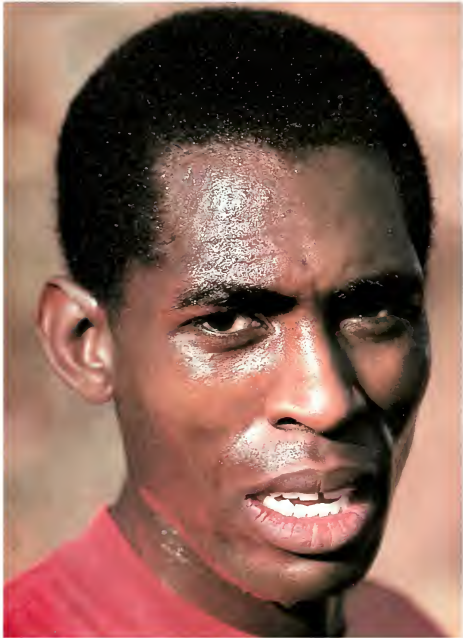


Before long, quarterbacks' helmets may include cameras that give us their view of the D.

The temptation to put cameras or microphones where they shouldn't be will grow stronger each season. The sheer speed of technological change guarantees it. In the early '60s, Tony Verna, then a sports producer and director for CBS, who created the instant replay in 1963, predicted the introduction of videocassettes, the widespread use of satellites to transmit live events and the development of the steadycam, a camera that would move without shaking. These all came to pass in the '70s. In his prophetic 1970 book, *Playback*, Verna foresaw cameras in Indy cars by 1990. They arrived in '81. Verna now forecasts baseballs, footballs and hockey pucks embedded with signaling seeds that cameras will track electronically. Others predict that wide-angle replays, shot by a camera in the quarterback's helmet, will show how the defense looked just before he threw the interception. Players will be able to wear button-size transceivers through which on-field interviews could be conducted. Language will have to improve because there will be no place to hide.

courtside, please stand up. Those who agree with New Jersey General Coach Chuck Fairbanks' view on sideline interviews—"There's a mystique there and I don't know whether the camera should enter it," he says—raise your right hand. Hear! Hear! for viewers who feel uncomfortable seeing pro golfers interviewed between shots.

Let's adopt some standards before high tech gets out of hand. Rule 1: No mikes or cameras where their presence can even remotely affect performance. This means players, coaches, four-legged beasts and foot-to-the-floorboard stockers would not be interviewed or distracted once an event has begun. Whether they grant their consent wouldn't matter. Rule 2: Performers are entitled to privacy in the arena in situations in which they can reasonably expect to receive it. If John McEnroe berates a chair umpire so vehemently that fans at courtside hear him, he's fair game for TV's boom microphones. But, if Billy Martin chews out an umpire beyond earshot of the crowd, his curses should remain forever private. **END**





He Ran,

Sydney Marce, top miller and U.S. citizen-to-be, didn't realize it then, but as he

But Knew

drived out compulsively on the rutted roads of South Africa as a youth, he was really running for his life

Not Why

by Gary Smith

CONTINUED

What is your surname?"
"Smith."
"What is your purpose?"
"To visit Sydney Maree."
"When will you leave?"
"By two o'clock."

The policeman stamps the form: *Permission is hereby granted to Mineer Smith to enter the Bantu Areas under the jurisdiction of the Board.*

"Why do I have to do this?"

"Because some of the blacks don't like us whites. And some people want to come into the township and stir them up. It's these people we must watch, the people who don't belong."

June 1976. At 5 a.m., in the darkness, 19-year-old Sydney Maree jerked awake. He sat upright on the dining-room couch that was his bed and felt for his running clothes. It was winter in South Africa, and the thin blood of his heritage exaggerated the chill.

He stepped over a brother sleeping on the floor. A minor obstacle; two years before, all eight of them had been crushed in one rented bedroom—mother and stepfather and baby sister in the single bed, five boys on the cement floor around them. Their name had finally come up on the waiting list, and they had rented one of the four-room, 20' x 25' one-story brick boxes that line the dusty roads in the black townships of South Africa.

The boy rubbed his hands and slipped on his shorts and T shirt. Sometimes, in the dark shiver of mornings like these, he squeezed back tears. Why am I doing this to myself? he would ask. Never could he form an answer.

On this day he was nearly out the door when he remembered, and stopped. The police were on the streets of Atteridgeville, their breaths coming in slow and long plumes of vapor above the quick blasts of their German shepherds. The Soweto riot was a week old, like a fire whose only mind is wind, it had jumped and flared yesterday, seven days after the Soweto outburst and 45 miles away, on the fringes of Pretoria. His teachers had sent him home from his high school when the rocks had rained through the windows and the police had rushed in and the tear gas had stung, and he had run to the train station to travel the 40 km home, only to find the same smoking chaos there in Atteridgeville.

Maree sank back onto the couch. He couldn't run now, not when a streak of black flesh through the gray of the pre-dawn could draw fangs or bullets, and so he waited. And slowly the sun found the



Sydney's brother Lucas is buried in the crowded Atteridgeville cemetery beneath their grandfather.



Maree built his mother a new house and posed with her in front with brothers Stanley and Matthews and cousin Sylvia.

orange asbestos roofs of Attendridgeville, and his family rose from their beds or floor mats, and his mother nodded yes, if he must run, it was light enough to do it now.

And out he ran, his nostrils filling with the coal smoke pouring from the chimneys of the houses without electricity, up the rust-red road, whose dust choked and blinded him whenever a car rumbled by, out past row after row of the red-brick boxes. Out he ran past the silent file of men and women in rumpled oversized clothes heading for the train to commute to the white man's city, the scared-dog subservience already settling over them for another day; out past the garbage in the streets, which the irritated roosters and hens clawed and pecked at and rejected, out past the suspicion of the staring police with their olive-green uniforms and the rosette of sunrise on the steel of their guns.

And out he ran past the last row of houses, past the graveyard of tortured car parts in the field; past the rubbish heap still smoking from yesterday's fire; past the fringe of the South African army's target-practice area, which would echo pop-pop-pops through Attendridgeville all day; past the sign that read THIS GROUND IS DANGEROUS, CONTAINING UNEXPLODED



BOMBS, SHELLS AND CARTRIDGES. TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED. BY ORDER—OFFICER OF NORTHERN TRANSVAAL COMMAND, the sign standing right in the middle of a pathetic field of corn, because the slow death of hunger terrifies more than the quick death of the trampled shell.

And out he ran, coiling around the mountain on the rutted dirt road, through the Indian township of Laudium and then out past the barbed wire of the

South African military compound where the soldiers marched the black and colored prisoners along the roadside every morning at seven and the white people came on Saturdays to rent the prisoners for yard labor.

And out he ran, wondering why he ran and never knowing, unable to picture any prize at the end of the pain, scared of running past the police but scared even more of not running at all. And out he ran. . . .

He is 26 years old now, a man whose life has been like one long tautening of strap that could slingshot him past Sebastian Coe and Steve Ovett and whatever other challengers might appear in the 1984 Olympic 1,500-meter run. His documents say that he was a South African for the first 25 years of his life; by next April his passport will call him an American. Maree is searching for some deeper definition.

It is a 75° pearl of an African April

continued

day, and Maree is driving his Avis BMW 735i over dirt roads, looking for the patch of farmland an hour's drive from Pretoria where he spent his first 11 years. The land is beautiful, but the homes of the black farm laborers are scabs upon its rolling back. He pulls into the front yard of a family that was an old and forgotten neighbor to ask directions to what once was the Maree plot.

Five women, starch-fat, sit in the shade in front of a mud shack, on a rusted boxspring. A little way from them sits an old man minus a leg; in front of him is a mug of home-brew beer that is the same color and consistency it will be when it

they any more real to him than he is to them? Suddenly, on the burnt-waffle face of a woman whose body and head are wrapped in black, comes the light of recognition. There are very few heroes for these people to confuse.

"Are you Sydney Maree, the great runner?" she blurts.

He nods.

She waves at her mud shack and cries, "Then jump over my house!"

He laughs and gets directions, and the hallucination rolls in reverse out of the yard. Maree drives down a one-lane road and points to the neat white homes of the white farm managers, lovely against the rolling backdrop of fields and trees.

It was in that long-gone house, in this rural town named Onverwacht—in English, "Unexpected"—on a September day in 1956, that the first of Susan Maree's six children was born. Three months later the father would vanish. The mother and son lived with her parents in a house full of her sisters. The feminine influence on the boy would always be strong, obvious later in the caring way he did housework and cradled babies. His mother would spit on the floor and tell him that before the saliva dried, he must be back with bread or sugar from the store, three kilometers away. He could do that easily, and so his aunt made the challenge even harder by spitting on a rock in the sun. Young Maree hated to feel the scorch of others' anger, and so he dashed off barefoot past the onion and tomato fields, hopping to avoid the thorns and always making it back before the rock had dried. Running was a way of life, not a way out of it.

His grandparents died, and one day a land-hungry white farmer came with the promise of cash if Susan Maree and her sisters would move. They could see no alternative. Susan found work as a house servant in Pretoria, making the equivalent of \$18 a month, but could not keep her family with her. She left the two sons she had then with her brother's mother-in-law, a woman living in a rural black township named Hammanskraal. Each day, when 12-year-old Sydney came home from school, the brother's mother-in-law ordered him to tend to the goats, to wash and iron his shirt, to walk a mile to fetch water in a bucket for the vegetable garden and bring it back balanced on his head and to clean the outhouse, where his breath caught every time he stared down the hole and saw the worms. There was no time for play. "If you want to leave," the old woman would say, "leave."

He did his chores quietly, hoarding all his feelings, and when his mother visited once a month he sobbed into her lap.

His sense of not belonging was almost too much to bear. He didn't belong to a father, and his family was split and scattered. He didn't belong to any group of friends. He didn't belong to a tribe, which at least lent some stunted version of pride to the Zulus on South Africa's East Coast. And already, at age 12, a dim awareness was growing that he didn't even belong to this country.

continued



Maree, who didn't run against whites until 1976, may now work out with them in South Africa.

comes back up. One woman picks at her legs with scissors. A dog sniffs Maree, decides he isn't food and then returns to the shade to let the flies settle in the valleys between his ribs. A drought has made them all idle and hungry and touchy, and the BMW with the well-dressed black driver and the white passenger happens upon them like a hallucination.

The passenger studies Maree's face to see if he can still identify with the hot, hopeless, home-brew-stinking horror of his birthplace, and sees nothing. Are

"Why can't I buy a piece of land like that and build a nice home on it?" he asks. "Mike Bott has a farm in Kenya, but we can't do that here in South Africa. I'm stuck with rebuilding my mother's home in Atteridgeville."

He waves toward one of the tin shacks, rocks pinning down its roof, that stands a proper distance from the white house with the tidy garden. "Our old house is gone now. When we lived here," he says almost casually, "we lived in a house like that...."

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He only felt belonging in the few moments he spent in his mother's lap, and he was in a quiet agony to feel it more. She stroked his head when he cried and cooed, "Do not worry, son, you will be big one day and we will live in a house together. God is great. It will be nice one day." She was relieved he didn't ask her for evidence.

The BMW stops at his old high school, just past the featureless cement building built for the white teachers to run to and lock themselves into the next time black frustration brims. Three girls see him and run to a garden to pick a red rose and a purple orchid, and they hand the flowers to him with a note that reads "Sydney, we are proud of you." He beams.

Class changes and 40 children stampede him when they see he is being photographed. The school gardener shoos them with the branch he uses for a rake, and Maree smiles and cries, "Look what they've done to my shoes!" Twenty-eight children in one class sign their names to a heart-shaped note that says, "We love you, Sydney Maree."

In the whirl of spontaneous worship, a black boy who runs the 800 meters in bare feet approaches Maree. "Sydney, I run too," the boy says. "But I have a weakness. I get discouraged when there is pain."

"You must remember your opponents are human too," Maree says. "When you are feeling pain, they are too. And that will help you push a little harder. You must learn to enjoy pain."

The boy nods. "I feel I'm on the path of Sydney Maree," he says, "since I too go to Vlakfontein Technical High School. Every time I run I think, 'What would Sydney Maree be thinking now?' Before I go to sleep I read articles about him. We blacks in South Africa lack persistence and determination. We say, 'Oh, we are beaten.' Sydney Maree doesn't know when he's beaten. And the teachers here keep telling us he was just a kid like us. . . ."

"Montsho! Montsho!" the other boys called mockingly to young Maree. In Sotho, the language most blacks in Atteridgeville speak, the word means "black boy."

In the confused values of a people oppressed, there was—and still is—a hier-



archy among blacks and colored according to the shade of one's skin. In the complete collapse of self-esteem and heritage, the women of his town caked white skin-lightening cream on their faces and walked the streets with the ghostly look of full moons in mist. To be lighter was to be better—and Maree, despite white blood in his ancestry that officially designated him as "colored," was a deep and polished ebony.

"Montsho!" the boys shouted, and he would run into his house and stay there. Confrontation made him tremble. "I was a coward," he says. "I was a mama's boy. 'Are you scared of your mother?' they would say to me. I only came out to run and to do sit-ups on the front steps."

His teacher in grade school took one look at his ostrich calves and eliminated him from consideration for the track team. "He was so skinny I was afraid he might be ill," says Jacob Modise, who organized the school's athletics. Maree was also too withdrawn to cry out that at home, when he raced other boys around the block pushing the rim of a bicycle tire with a stretched clothes hanger, he always finished first.

His diet was often three servings a day

of pap, a tasteless mixture of water and cornmeal. Bread was happiness. Meat was ecstasy. His brother, Pat, seven years younger, suffered from malnutrition.

Maree lay on the floor at nights thinking of the nice clothes and car he would someday own, but when it came to picturing the path to these luxuries, his mind blanked and he screamed at it not to flirt with this dangerous word—how? The thread between sacrifice and reward had been snipped for his people, and so the adolescent males tumbled from their crowded houses to roam the streets like hungry tomcats, and the girls sat on doorsteps taking inventory of the best prospects to fill them with babies. To carve out privacy you had to crawl deep, deep into yourself, because in the closeness of the black townships you breathed your brother's sweat and heard your parents' whispers and flinched at your neighbors' arguments. Their music and their mood and their musk were all yours.

Maree crawled deep. "He was the one boy here in Atteridgeville who was serious," says his old school chum, Samuel Montshe. He turned to soccer, leaving toenails on the rock-strewn vacant lots, but he lacked agility. On weekends he did



Maree outran a strong field in New York to win the 1981 Fifth Avenue Mile and later relayed the experience as a videotape in a Johannesburg store.

high schools in his state that had white teachers instructing black children. The pale hand that pushed him down would be the same one that picked him up. Friedemann Stut, a German who had moved to South Africa in 1955, was the school's sports organizer. He conducted an intramural track meet to determine who would represent Vlakkfontein against other schools, and when the 16-year-old Maree finished second in the 1,500 meters to a 22-year-old senior, Stut declared to another teacher, "There is the future South African champion."

"My boy," Stut said to Maree, "you've got potential. Are you interested in carrying on?"

"Yes sir," panted Sydney.

"Do you do much distance work?"

"No."

"You've got to do distance. You're too frail. You've got to make your lungs grow."

Maree nodded, just talking to a white man was a fearful thing. And from the next day on, he awoke and ran and came home from school and ran, always ignoring the neighbors who kept asking why,

always peering down at his chest and saying to himself, "It's not growing! I've got to do more distance!"

His grades were A's and B's, for if he wasn't running he was studying. His high school principal supplied him with a track suit and sneakers, arranged for him to get a sandwich each day and for the country's top black coach, James Mokoaka, to supervise his training. Many days he would run for 45 minutes at sunrise, shower, run two miles to the train station, his black tie flapping and his seven schoolbooks swaying in his tote bag, get off the train and run two more miles to school, do the same drill over on the way home, then run for an hour and a half under Mokoaka's supervision and later sneak off and run the mountain behind his house. Mokoaka was furious to learn Maree was outrunning his training program, but Maree had a hole in him that grew deeper when he didn't finish a day exhausted. "I felt I should leave my workouts crawling," he said. "I channeled all my anger into running."

"He was running for revenge," Mokoaka said, "running for liberation."

JOHN HART

gardening work for a white man, lowering his eyes and calling him Baas (Boss), as all the blacks he knew called white men. He would sit outside the man's house in the morning, terrified even to lay knuckles on a white man's door, until the man came outside.

But something about running kept pulling at him. He could do it alone, and he always sensed that there was width for only one on the path he would take, and it gave him some strange tangle of power in a world of overwhelming powerlessness. They could control where he ate and slept and studied and went to the bathroom, they could prevent him from voting or protesting or being promoted, but they could not control how long or how hard he pumped his arms and legs on a rutted dirt road.

Fortune blew at his back. When it came time to choose a high school he was away from home and applied too late for the local school. Instead he had to take two different trains to cover the 40 km to Vlakkfontein, which was a technical school. Vlakkfontein was one of the few





At a recent Johannesburg banquet Maree, with Klopper and Seal seated to his left, got a big welcome

Sydney Maree

One day the Marees received a telegram. Lucas, the brother closest to Sydney in age who was living at that time with his stepfather's parents in Pietersburg, had gotten into an argument with a friend over which record to play. They had begun to fight, and someone had tossed his opponent a knife, and suddenly it had been inside and out of Lucas' heart twice.

The day after they laid Lucas in a hole and piled rocks upon his grave, Sydney was scheduled to run in an invitational track meet. He decided, after much thought, to compete. "So many things have happened to me I could not control," he says, "so that whenever there was something I could control, I have always felt I must conquer it." He ran away from the rest, and for the first time his picture appeared in a South African newspaper.

In 1976 the South African championships in Bloemfontein were opened to all races, and Maree would run against a white for the first time. Mokoka saw both the urge and the awe in Maree's eyes. "He had been training so hard because he thought whites were superior," Mokoka says.

"This is not like life," Mokoka told him before the race, "where the white

man can undermine you. The white man can set no speed traps on the track. Here you can show him you're just as good—or better."

Maree slashed the tape first, "all arms and legs and teeth," remembers Jannie Momburg, vice-president of South Africa's amateur athletic union. And still Maree, then 19, was afraid to lift his eyes to the horizon when he ran, because all he could see were walls. There were no university scholarships available, no white men he could picture laboring for, no job that suited him. He could make the equivalent of a thousand dollars a year running for one of the gold mine track teams, but the other nine runners on that team were mostly high school dropouts who, when he ran against them, mocked him for his skinniness and studiousness, and the thought of being with them repelled him. "I was scared," he said. "My future haunted me."

His name began to be sprinkled in the newspapers, and one day a distinguished-looking, silver-haired man with a disciplined mustache and a love of running that once had propelled him through a 96-km race, heard Maree's story and felt strangely compelled.

"I was told he had great potential but that he didn't have money for training gear or to get to meets," says Naudé Klopper, a white who was sales manager in a cement firm doing business near

Maree's school. "For some reason I kept thinking about it as I drove back to my office. It was like someone was saying to me, 'If you don't do something for him, no one will.'"

Klopper telephoned the head of his company, Blue Circle, who agreed to sponsor Maree and provide him with a thousand-rand (then approximately \$1,150) kitty to start with. Maree met his benefactor on the street in front of a Pretoria hotel and stared at the sidewalk in shock when he was told of the plan to back him.

"I took him to a sporting goods store," Klopper says, "and it was like taking a child into a shop full of toys and saying, 'What do you want?' He selected everything as if he had lain in bed many nights thinking of exactly what he wanted."

A few weeks later came the day that rearranged Maree's life. Each year on Dec. 15, the day before the national holiday commemorating the 1838 devastation at Blood River of 10,000 Zulus by 500 pioneers without a single white casualty (the pioneers had cannon and muskets), a major track meet is held at Port Elizabeth, South Africa. Clive Dale, a university student flirting with a four-minute mile, was the favorite in 1976. Maree was invited, the only schoolboy and the only black. They called it The Dream Mile, a term first used in the U.S. Half an hour before the race Maree approached Klopper.

"What is a mile?" he asked. "And what is a Dream Mile?"



He was told that a mile is slightly longer than 1,500 meters and that this race got its name because so many runners dreamed of running it in less than four minutes. Then he stepped to the starting line, not even knowing what splits to run. The inside of him trembled, the outside was still. "Just before the race, the wind and rain had gone to sleep," he says.

The gun cracked and Maree shot out with the leaders. "Hold on, hold on, Syd, don't kick yet," Klopfer kept whispering to himself. On the back straightaway of the last lap, Maree holted into the lead, and as he took the turn for home, the floodlights threw his shadow just off his right shoulder. At the same instant, 20,000 spectators stood and roared, and Maree became confused. He mistook his shadow for Dale and the roar for a primal scream for the white man coming up to blow past the black, and some inner frenzy swept him yet faster and faster down the stretch and over the finish line, a dark and singular wave heaving itself upon an endless beach of white sand.

Time, 3:57.9. Tumult. Instantaneous. Dale had never been that close to him. In literally trying to outrun his shadow, Maree had run the fastest schoolboy mile in South African history. Maree was bewildered; the numbers meant nothing to him. They whisked him to the stadium's VIP room, handed him the trophy as the meet's outstanding performer and surrounded him with microphones and cameras and note pads. Finally Maree worked his way through the crush and

spoke quietly to his sponsor "Mr. Klopfer," he said, "can we please get out of here and go with the common people?"

He would never belong to them again. For now his name was caught up in a current he could not possibly imagine. The South African government at the time was engaged in a secret, illegal crusade to improve its image abroad, using millions of taxpayers' rands to support friendly U.S. politicians' campaigns, to purchase controlling interest in the Sacramento (Calif.) *Union*—after South Africa's front man failed in his attempt to buy the *Washington Star*—so buy an interest in a UPI-owned TV news agency and to disseminate propaganda by various other means. Fifteen million dollars were also loaned to a fertilizer tycoon named Louis Luyt so he could start a Johannesburg-based newspaper—*The Citizen*—that would present the news with a government slant. The newspaper would also sponsor a black schoolboy's trip to America for two months of competition and training to show the world how a black man could flower in the garden of South Africa.

No one smelled the fertilizer. Maree could hardly sleep at night from the excitement. It was more than a year before the scandal would be uncovered. *The Citizen* would be revealed to be a government organ, then President John Vorster would resign in dishonor—and Maree would be accused of being a government pawn.

One day before he left, he sat outside Pilditch Stadium in Pretoria waiting for a children's track meet to end so he could work out. A police van pulled up. "Pass," demanded the policeman, asking for the identity booklet every black must carry at all times. It shows his date of birth, tribe, homeland and employer. Maree didn't have his. "Get in the van," the policeman ordered.



This lamb was sacrificed as a morning rite by Maree's family.

Frightened, Maree stared out from behind the van's cage meshing and watched as the police drove around town, packing the van with blacks who didn't have their passports. "I felt angry," he says. "People were trying to explain and they were shoving them in."

When the van arrived at the station, an officer recognized Maree. "Go," he said. Maree looked back at the others, who had no recognizable names, and walked out.

The next day he waved goodbye to his friends, kissed his teary-eyed mother and climbed the steps onto an airplane. Stot, recalling that time, shakes his head and mulls over what had made this boy so different. "It was discipline that made Sydney Maree," he says. "I think I know where he got it. There was white blood in his family, you know."

Three South African policemen step out on the road and order Maree to pull off onto the gravel. Surely, a white man traveling with a black in an expensive car is worth investigating. One leans through a window, his Israeli-made UZI submachine gun leaning in with him. Maree's face clouds but he says nothing.



Maree's flowering as a world track star has made him a celebrity at his high school.

continued

They search the car, the trunk and his attaché case, and then they grunt him on his way. He is just outside a rural black township named Ga-Rankuwa, running an errand for his aunt. He is choosing a lamb for slaughter.

It has been three months since his niece died, against the grille of a car in the township, and now, according to tradition, the family must gather to slit a

for the sacrificial lamb. A boy spins the animal onto its back, gathers its four legs and lassos them. It bleats and jerks powerlessly, staring into the cloudless sky with a look in its eyes not unlike Maree's when the police pulled him over.

He drives onto the road, trying to ignore the thumping in the trunk. He stops at his aunt's house and opens the trunk. White hair and manure pellets are everywhere. The lamb has kicked two legs free

Confusion was immediate. Maree was led to the right-hand side of Lancaster's car—the steering-wheel side in South Africa—and was petrified at the thought that his hosts were about to make him do something he had never done: drive. They took him to see *Bubbling Brown Sugar* on Broadway, and he could not help staring at the mélange of black and white faces in the audience. He was baffled that a five-cent coin was bigger than a 10-cent coin. He gazed longingly in shoe-store windows.

He moved in with Lancaster and wrote daily to his mother. After a track meet at Ursinus College in Pennsylvania, he ordered passion-fruit juice and was embarrassed when everyone laughed. He became uncomfortable hearing his own British accent, with its African lilt, because it didn't seem to belong, and so he began asking other runners to order his food for him.

He passed a college-entrance test and was offered a track scholarship to Villanova. Suddenly, two months might become four years. The thought held delight and terror; he missed his mother fiercely. He knew he didn't belong in South Africa, and yet neither did he belong here. But maybe, he thought, if I pump my legs and arms long enough and hard enough. . .

He stayed. More than 90% of Villanova's enrollment were people he would have called Basas a few months before. Just for him to smile and say "Hi" represented a stunning change in his lifelong habits. He stayed in his dorm and studied furiously.

He went home over Christmas of '77 and was ordered into the caged van once more by Pretoria police for not having his passbook. It didn't ease the pain when they recognized him once more and let him go but kept his best friend.

He returned to Villanova for the second semester of his freshman year and the outdoor track season, and his teammates could not understand why he ate and stretched and ran alone. When they tried to joke with him he grew yet quieter. He didn't smoke or drink or go to parties. He didn't throw Frisbees or shoot baskets. He would not study in the library, only in his room. Togetherness was an adhesive he had never known. All his energy was poured into proving himself.

In his second semester, he had the sec-

continued



One-year-old Natalya gets a kick out of her daddy, whose speed afoot helped him meet her mommy.

lamb's throat, collect its blood and eat its meat, as the girl's mother removes her black mourning clothes for the first time. Maree is the only one in the extended family who can spare the 35 rands (\$32.55) for the lamb, because the girl's father is unemployed.

Maree stares into a pen filled with bleating black faces and woolen white bodies and points to one with the number 28 burned on its back. A man wades into the pen, and the lambs collectively smell death and crowd to the opposite corner. Finally the man seizes the animal's left rear leg and drags it from the flock.

Maree opens the trunk of the BMW and moves his leather attaché case and his Members Only jacket to make room

and it thrashes its hooves and bleats and tries to leap from the trunk. "Don't let him out," Maree cries. "If we allow him to run, no one will ever catch him. . . ."

June 1977, Maree stepped off the plane at JFK Airport, expecting to stay two months and return to—no, he certainly could not call it home. Waiting was Andrew Hatcher of the New York-based Sydney S. Baron & Co. public relations firm, which South Africa paid more than \$2 million to spit-shine its image; Bert Lancaster, the promoter and sponsor of the Philadelphia Pioneers track club, whom Hatcher's firm had contacted regarding Maree; and Jack Pynar, an associate of Lancaster's who also happened to be assistant track coach at Villanova.



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ond-highest grade in his English literature class. By the end of his second year of running, he had set an NCAA 5,000-meter meet record of 13:20.63 in the outdoor championships; set an ICA4A indoor record in the three miles and an ICA4A outdoor record in the 5,000 meters; anchored Villanova's winning distance medley team in the Penn Relays; and set a South African record for the mile of 3:53.7. He also held four Villanova records.

He didn't run with the free flow that other great runners did. He ran as if bound by a string-tiny puppeteer, his arms tight to his body and his feet lifting only slightly from the earth, his eyes preoccupied by something just inches from his nose. He ran with his own private emotionless motion. When it was time to kick he showed no pain—but then Maree never did. On the track, this could break another runner's heart. Off it, it only broke his own.

Occasionally, he let another in. A white dormmate named Jay Cook showed him how to shave and how to drive, and Maree showed him how he smiled. By his third year he would be sharing a room with a white runner named Chris Rose. "I saw that whites sweated and suffered just like I did," he says. He began to knead Rose's calves when they cramped, and once, when Rose felt queasy running up a hill nine miles into Villanova's 10-mile training loop, Maree called, "C'mon, Chris, grab my shirt," and towed him to the summit.

He remained unfathomable to his other teammates. The night in 1980 when they finished second to the University of Texas-El Paso in the NCAA indoor championships, they were asked that he spun their team party to socialize with the Africans on the team that beat them. One day they sat in a bus on campus for 45 minutes after scheduled departure for a cross-country meet, waiting for Maree. "C'mon, Jack, leave him!" Don Paige shouted to Pyrah.

When Maree finally arrived, Carey Ptakowski, another runner, said, "What's going on, Syd, you think you're special?"

Maree stalked off the bus. Pyrah followed and sweet-talked him back on. He sat alone, smoldering during the entire bus ride—and then got out and won.

Paige became a focal point of Maree's frustration. He and Maree were Villanova's two best runners, as well as two of the best in the country. Paige was everything Maree was not: the fair-skinned, confident, articulate all-American boy. One day they were doing quarter-mile in-

could not even mitigate it with his feet. In the summer after his freshman year, he was invited by a promoter in Switzerland to compete against the world's best milers for the first time. The morning he was to leave, as he readied his clothes and dreamed, the phone rang.

"Sydney," said the promoter, "we have run into opposition. The African runners are here, and they won't compete if you do. You're South African, and there is a boycott against South African athletes. We're sorry, but we can't allow you to run."

When his heartbeat slowed, he headed for the only harbor he had ever known. The other passengers on the plane he boarded the next day were flying to South Africa; Maree was flying to his mother. He disembarked in Johannesburg and went to a restaurant in the cargo section of the airport for a snack. The man at the counter glared at him and pointed. "You people eat over there," he said.

Maree stared at him and turned away. "In my heart," he recalls, "I said, 'If you only knew . . . I am here because the world is punishing me because I am South African, and now I come to South Africa and you punish me because I am black.' I felt I did not belong anywhere."

Again and again he was banned from international meets. He was the victim of a crushing irony, the lamb sacrificed to save his own flock. No one seemed sure which races he could run in and which he could not. Sometimes, unbearably taut and tuned to race, he would be scratched an hour before the event. The worst moment came in

the New Jersey Track Classic at Rutgers in 1979, when for the first time he would compete against 1976 Olympic 1,500-meter champion John Walker, the man Maree dreamed of beating. Some promoters said if he raced wearing Villanova colors he would not have to be banned as a South African, and in the week before the meet he was accepted, banned, and accepted again. Then just before the race, as Maree poised to take his warmup laps, the organizer told him he was banned once more. Through tears he watched the other runners race.

Now he made noises he had never



Maree had to make a daily 80-km round trip to high school.

terval training, dashing a hard 440 yards, an easy 440, then another hard one. Suddenly, it became war, the only way Maree had ever known how to wage it.

"Each quarter became a half-second faster," Paige remembers. "By the 10th one we were both exhausted, and still we were flying. Neither of us looked at each other. We got to 16, and Jumbo [Elhoth, the coach] came out. He stood there with his hands on his hips and shouted, 'What the hell are you guys doing?' If Jumbo hadn't come out, we'd still be out there today."

The frustration grew, but now Maree

made. The lamb struggled and thumped and tried to kick his legs free. He hired a lawyer. He bleated to the press. He met Muhammad Ali, who telephoned Jimmy Carter to plead his case. There was talk of introducing a bill in Congress to make him eligible to represent the U.S. in the '80 Olympics. And still he could not kick his legs free.

By now he was caught in an international vise. An anti-apartheid group pressured him to call for the overthrow of South Africa's racist regime and, when he refused, declared in print that he favored apartheid. White friends who had helped him in South Africa, meanwhile, were grumbling about the carefully worded criticisms he did make. He anguished over what the consequences of his words might be for members of his family. He could not call them; they had no phone.

"I hated apartheid," he says. "I never felt like a human being until I left South Africa. But these groups wanted me to make statements that would be heard all over the world. I felt that was not the way. I could not start a revolution, but I could mingle with the white South Africans and show them what a black could do if he got an opportunity. I could go back and be an example for the blacks who have no role models. I could urge them to get an education. If the South African government prevented me from reentering the country, I could achieve nothing.

"It's all so hypocritical. The countries that are boycotting South Africa in sports are trading with them and feeding their people with South African food. If they had boycotted trade, I could have accepted the sports boycott, but no, they took the easy way out. They expected me to go to sleep and wake up in 10 years and be able to run just as fast. And there are many more South African runners who have suffered like I have because they have been deprived of international competition.

"They called me a pawn of the South African government, but I didn't know it was government money that sent me to America. Yes, I am bitter. My four years

of suffering without international competition accomplished nothing. I took my frustration out on the 10-mile loop at Villanova. That loop would tell you great stories if you became friends with it."

The last five minutes of each day's last afternoon class became unbearable. When they finally had passed, he would change and rush to the loop, and he would picture Coe and Ovett next to him in a sprint—a 10-mile sprint. He would win, and his mind would drift to what would happen when his student visa expired and he must return to South Africa, and suddenly he would feel like nodding

for him," a man five yards from Maree says. Kaffir—in the bastardized Dutch language that many white South Africans speak—means nigger. Most South Africans are proud of Maree, and among his friends are whites honestly eager for change.

The treatment he receives when he returns fluctuates constantly. At a sports banquet a few nights earlier, where he was the only black among 10 nominees for the country's Sportsman of the Year award, he was treated like a mongrel by the bartender when he asked for a soft drink. Then he stepped up to the podium and received the most boisterous applause of the night, even though he didn't win the award. The boycott that both he and white South African sportsmen have suffered from has become a common bond.

On an earlier trip, Maree stopped at a Pretoria traffic light in a rented Mercedes. A white man in a nearby car called out, "Take good care of your baas's car." He still must search for a hotel with an international (multiracial) rating if he wants to eat at a restaurant.

Twice on this trip, when the photographer for this magazine tried to take pictures of Maree in a public setting, he was stopped. The first incident occurred as Maree was being interviewed at a government-controlled radio station for blacks.

"No pictures," said the manager, who was white.

Why?

"Those are our rules."

The second time, Maree was buying fertilizer at a garden-supply store in Pretoria. Three times the camera clicked and each time the young lady waiting on Maree turned the other cheek—so she would not be seen in the picture with a black man. Another saleslady hustled off to get the store manager.

"No pictures," he growled.

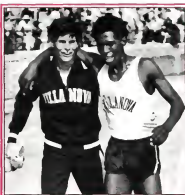
Why?

"We have our reasons."

What are they?

"We don't have to tell you."

Maree shook his head, made his purchase and walked out just as the store



Maree was not just one more Pigeon out of the Wildcats' track book.

to Coe and Ovett and sprinting the 10 miles all over again.

"He sort of made a martyr of himself, but maybe he had the right to," says Pyrah. "He thought everyone was trying to use him. He came into the office one day and said, 'I can't train, I can't sleep, I can't study. Maybe I should give up running.'"

He's surrounded by white faces, signing autographs in a Johannesburg department store for little boys named Frikkie and Dannie and Piet and Jannie. All eyes flicker from him to the TV screen, where a videotape is showing him pulling away from the field to win the 1981 Fifth Avenue Mile in New York.

"That kaffir sure can run, I'll say that

continued

Sydney Maree continued

was closing. The manager and saleslady walked out and gaped at the sight of the black man getting behind the wheel of a BMW.

"This is what we always face," Maree lamented. "They're so uptight; this is how they go through life."

He's back in Attersdridgeville after the autograph session now, whipping past dusty lots with gutted, rusted cars lying upside down like dead, sun-scorched beetles. Beside them, children play soccer, using a tennis ball, and young men, stooped in tight circles, roll dice. The main road into Attersdridgeville, a city with an official population of 100,000 and approximately 15,000 more illegal residents, is lined with billboards advertising liquids that deaden the misery of the township's residents—pesticides for its rats and roaches, Gilbey's gin, Zebra beer, Assembly Black Label whisky, J&B and Smirnoff's for its men and women.

Maree parks his car at the side of the road and walks to the township's cemetery. His stepfather, who could not always afford the name-brand misery-killers, died early this year at 51 from throat cancer, which the doctor said came from drinking unregulated home-brew beer.

The graves are marked by piles of rocks, most of them covered with cheap knickknacks and tea-cups that are occasionally filled with water to quench the thirst of the dead. His stepfather's grave is heaped with plastic flowers, two glass roosters and an angel. It is a double-tiered grave with Lucas buried beneath their stepfather, for the Attersdridgeville cemetery has reached capacity.

Maree, wearing \$35 running shoes, glossy track pants and a T shirt advertising Reebok, the British-made running shoe he is paid handsomely to endorse, scoops a handful of dirt and, in the traditional manner of his people, sprinkles it over the grave, saying, "Hello, father, I have come to say hello, and to say that we love you and we miss you." As he repeats the greeting, the air is ripped by a frenzied drumbeat and whoops from a tent across the street, where women in red, black and white native dresses, with red

ochre caked on their hair and clubs in their fists, are gyrating to ward off evil spirits. Maree eyes the spiritual orgy skeptically as he bends over the cemetery water faucet and cleans the dirt from his hands. "I have never liked tradition," says the man who has never had one.

He drives to the new house he has had built for his mother, on the same plot where he lived as a teen-ager. Imagine Marvellous Marvin Hagler building a dream home for his mother in the Newark ghetto; that is what Maree must do in

that is a secret among the strong who have suffered. "I do not know how to thank him," she says. "This boy, he is part of my heart."

Her fingers plunge into the outdoor sink full of laundry and suds. "He did the housework for me when he was a child and I worked," she says. "When he went away he wrote to me almost everyday: 'Do not worry, Mama.' And now this house, I cannot explain how I feel, my heart is open and wide. He has given me a name. He has made me great."

"He will not be away forever."

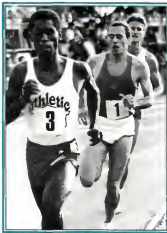
He has promised me he will come back to South Africa one day to live. I do not want him to speak out against the government—it makes my heart very sore. There is nothing we can do. We are blacks."

Maree returns to his car to drive to his aunt's for the ritual slaying of the lamb. "My mother is God," he says. "She always brought me home something from work, even if it was only a quarter of an apple."

He gestures toward an ambulance at the side of the road and says, "That ambulance is for blacks." The automobile turns a mountain bend and there unfolds a vision of green valley that makes you want to stop and lie down in it.

"All white man's land," Maree points out. "Why can't we live like that, with pretty lawns and trees? We must eat dust for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Yes, there have been changes in South Africa since I left, but there is still so far to go. I look at things here sometimes and think, 'Thank God I don't live here anymore. Thank God I have an alternative.'"

No, he says, he won't live in South Africa but in America the rest of his life; he hopes to enter law school in the U.S. after the '84 Olympics. At his aunt's house he greets the relatives who have gathered. In the backyard, Maree is one of five men who pinion the lamb as it makes its last struggle. Three long minutes after its throat has begun dumping blood into the plastic bowl pressed against it, the lamb's entire body spasms. "Shhh," says Sydney Maree, leaning over it. "It's okay, it's okay. . . ."



Maree's best, a 2:48.3 mile, bested Overt (1) in this 1981 race

South Africa because of the restrictions on where blacks may live. The house virtually swallows the small plot of land, and the walls around it can't barricade the place against the despair beyond. Neighbors have gathered almost every day to watch the last touches of construction or to help Maree plant a bush. One asks Maree for help in getting a scholarship to an American college; another, drunk, walks in the front door uninvited and asks him for money.

Susan is wearing black, as she must until a year has passed after her husband's death. She clears about \$59 a week putting labels on coffee cans.

Her face radiates the kind of serenity

continued

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Sydney Maree continued

The first time he saw her she was running warmup laps for the East Tennessee Invitational at East Tennessee State. On that January day in 1980, Sydney stared at Lisa Rhoden, who was surprised by the hunger in his eyes. There had been no time for women in his life: he believed his quest to be too personal and too consuming for him ever to marry. "Every time I looked over at him, he'd be looking at me," says Lisa, who was running for Florida State.

She spoke first, he asked her to dinner. Then he asked her to come on his eight-mile jog the next morning, and he didn't pull away, then to breakfast, to lunch, to dinner, then promised to win her a watch at the meet, won two instead and gave her his own watch when the two watches were too big. They returned to their colleges on Sunday, promising to write. That night he called her from Villanova.

They began calling each other at least every other day, and she shared the weight of his mission. Shhh, said Lisa, it's O.K. "She cared," Maree says. "Maybe I'm a mother's boy, but I finally had a mother figure to identify with."

The effect on him was dramatic; the link to just one began the bridge to all. "He started smiling," says Paige. "He started making friends."

"It was like a beautiful butterfly coming out of a caterpillar," says Maree's former teammate, Mike England.

Less than a year later, in December of his senior year, Sydney and Lisa were married. Symbolically, at least, Maree was erecting a trestle across another chasm: Lisa's mother is white, her father black. Once more, there came misunderstanding from both sides of the Atlantic. Some black South Africans resented the fact that he was marrying an American; some Americans suspected he was marrying to become an American citizen and thus gain eligibility for international competition and the '84 Olympics. "Ridiculous," says Maree. "We must live together long after I am finished running."

He asked himself if he wanted to switch citizenship merely to run; no, he decided, he simply could not imagine living in South Africa again. He was told he could become an American by April 1984; in the meantime he was issued the status of permanent U.S. resident.

He was free at last to run, and on Sept. 5, 1981, when he stood at the start-

ing line of the 1,500 at the World Cup in Rome and saw the letters U.S.A. across the chest he once feared would never grow and heard the Americans cheering him from the infield, he had to dam the tears to think of the race. He finished fifth, and then four days later, on his 25th birthday, he raced in Riets, Italy against Overt, one of the runners who had been most adamant about not competing with him. With 400 meters to go, he left Overt and won in 3:48.83, the fifth-best mile ever run and only 1.5 seconds behind the Coe world record.

Maree had graduated from Villanova the previous spring, and Naude Klopper had flown from South Africa for the ceremony. "He started to tell me how he could never thank me enough," Klopper recalls. "I stopped him and said, 'No, it is I who must thank you.' Before I'd met him I'd only known blacks as people who did gardening for me. Now I know there are blacks 100 percent better than white people I know, that they too have goals and aspirations and can be like a son in my home."

"But our problem is so complex I just don't have an answer for it. They're not all like Sydney Maree. We can't just open up this country all at once—many of them can't even use toilets correctly. To put it bluntly, some of them would crap on the floor."

On 34 of the 35 TV screens on the second-floor wall of Bumbergers, at the King of Prussia Mall near Villanova, NBC news is flashing a picture of Cathy Evelyn Smith, who had been indicted that day for the murder of John Belushi. On the 35th screen, John Belushi, atop a ladder, is alive and gaping into the upstairs window of a sorority house, where an unaware coed is stripping off her bra and running her fingers across her body in a steamy scene from *Animal House*. A quick Nielsen survey of the customers shows the coed with a safe lead over Cathy Evelyn Smith.

The man who once had no shoes is trying to decide between the \$649 Fisher FVH525 videocassette recorder and the \$799 Fisher FVH530. He punches a button and the *Animal House* video disappears from the screen. Behind Maree, three men's jaws are left hanging at the very same angle as Belushi's.

"Did I turn that off?" Maree asks innocently. He turns to the salesman.

continued

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—Charles Darwin
Naturalist

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Sydney Maree *continued*

"What is the main difference between these two models?" he asks.

"The more expensive one operates by remote control."

"We'll take that one," Maree says.

The world is kinder to him now, but he still can't trust it. He runs on the international circuit, but he is not of it. The other runners are puzzled as to why he doesn't sit in the hotel lobbies or bars with them and talk. They don't understand why he demands so much money to run, about the years of poverty he is trying to avenge on two sides of an ocean, about the furniture and rugs and curtains he must buy for the house he has built for his mother, or the 12-year-old sister he has recently had flown to the U.S. to educate, or the brothers looking at him wondering when he will fly them there too, or the lamb he must buy to slaughter 8,000 miles away because his uncle cannot find a job.

The salesman hands him the video-cassette recorder. He will transport it in one of his two BMW's to his lovely split-level house near Villanova, where it will join the three TV sets, the stereo, the microwave oven and the circular king-size bed. For those who have seldom known the feeling of belonging, the feel of belonging is often the next best thing.

But even possessions cannot heal him, for he finds that every nice thing he buys carries with it the guilt of the gap that grows between him and what he came from. "When things were bad for me, always I asked, 'Why?'" he says. "Now that they are good, I still must ask 'Why?'"

They leave the store, Lisa pushing their year-old daughter, Natalya, in a stroller. In the way black Africans have carried their burdens—their tangible burdens—since before the white man ever came, in the way he carried buckets of water to the vegetable garden as a boy, Sydney Maree walks through the parking lot, a Fisher FVH530 VCR balanced on top of his head.

"Do you feel like an American now, or like a South African?" he is asked one April sunrise in Attitugueville.

He tightens the laces of his running shoes as the workers begin to trudge toward the train station, as his nostrils fill with the morning coal smoke. "I am neither," he says. And out he runs. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 4-10

Compiled by LISA TWYMAN

ELIJAH—JEAN BALUKAS beat Lori Stampo 7-6 to win the first Women's World Invitational Seven-ball championships at Atlantic City.

BOXING—BRUCE CURRY retained his WBC junior welterweight title with a seventh-round knockout of Hidekazu Aoki in Osaka.

LUPE MADERA won the WBA junior flyweight title from Kazuo Tokushiki on points when the fight was stopped in the fourth round. Madera's head having been severely cut when the two boxers accidentally hit each other.

PRO FOOTBALL—USFL PHILADELPHIA defeated Chicago 40-18 and MICIGAN defeated Oakland 35-21 to advance to this week's championship game in Denver (page 24).

GOLF—MARK McCUMBER shot a four-under-par 68 to win the \$150,000 Western Open in Oak Brook, Ill. He beat Tom Watson by one shot.

MORRIS HATLASKY parred the second extra hole to win the \$150,000 Greater Milwaukee Open in a playoff with George Cade. Both finished regulation play at 13-under-par 275.

LEE TREVIÑO shot a 17-under-par 271 to beat Tommy Nakajima by three strokes to win the \$100,000 Canadian PGA Championship in Quebec.

HARNESS RACING—APACHE CIRCLE (54-20), driven by Alton Harner, edged previously unbeaten Party Whip by a neck in the \$559,600 Peter MacKenzie Memorial Pace at Riverview Racetrack. The 2-year-old colt covered the mile in 1:59.

HORSE RACING—JOHN HENRY (54-20), Chen McArthur up, beat Phoebe Flourished by 1 1/4 lengths to win the \$164,800 American Handicap at Plover Downs Park. The 6-year-old 1984 Horse of the Year, who was making his first start since November, ran 1 1/4 miles in 1:43.

MOTOR SPORTS—BUDDY BAKER has found out he's counted across the finish line for the Firecracker 400 three seconds ahead of Morgan Shepherd in a Buick. He averaged 167.44 mph on the 210-mile Daytona International Speedway.

ALAN KULWICKI in a Firebird, defeated Bob

Seiner, driving a Contura, by 1 second in a 200-mile event in West Allis, Wis. Kulwicki averaged 90.113 mph on the one-mile Wisconsin State Fair Park Speedway oval.

AL HOLBERT and **JIM TRUEMAN**, in a Porsche March, finished 21:36 minutes ahead of David Cowart and Kember Miller, in a Chevrolet Monte Carlo, to win a Grand Prix race at Brainerd (Mont.) International Raceway. Holbert and Trueman averaged 98.47 mph around the three-mile circuit.

POWERBOATING—CHIP HANAUER drove his Arco Van Lines around a two-mile circuit on the Ohio River at an average speed of 122.068 to win the APBA Gold Cup Race in Evansville, Ind.

SOCCER—NASL The race for the Southern Division title remained tight, with Tulsa finishing on top for the third straight week. The Roughriders were one-point, losing 2-1 to Toronto but recovering to beat Chicago for the same score. In the quarter Tulsa led 4-0 after Ron Funcher's goal in the first half and three seconds were left in regulation play when the Stars' Karl-Hans Grottel scored from 15 yards to tie the score. Laurie Althaus' Nogo-Peso and Barry Wallace all scored short-out goals to give Tulsa the win. Fort Lauderdale, now four points out of first, pulled itself out of third place (its highest standing of the season with wins over Toronto 12-1) and Tampa Bay 12-1. Third-place Team America fell twice, to the Cosmos 4-0 and Toronto 12-1, but its 6-2 record still left the team in the division, making it a dash to reclaim with the Eastern Doves, the Cosmos stayed on top by three points despite a 2-0 loss to Vancouver. In the Cosmos' triumph over Team America, George Chongka sustained a pulled left hamstring, which will force him to the sidelines for at least two games. Meanwhile, their victory over the Cosmos and a 5-3 win over Montreal boosted the Whitesox's lead in the Western Division to 43 points (page 26).

TENNIS—Sandy Mayer beat Thomas Smit 6-0, 6-3 to 2 to win the \$100,000 Swim Open in Guadalupe.

JOHN FITZGERALD beat Scott Davis 7-6, 6-1, 6-1 to win a \$100,000 Grand Prix event in Newport.

ANDREA TEMESVARI defeated Eva Pfaff 6-0, 6-2 to win a \$100,000 women's tournament in Bielefeld, West Germany.

TRACK & FIELD—DOUG PADILLA ran the 3,000 meters in 7:15.84 to break Steve Scott's American record set in 1979 by .85 second, in Oslo.

MILPOSETS—ARRISTED On conspiracy charges, **BILLY CANNON**, 45, 1999 Bismarck Trophy winner who played halfback for LSU, and nine-year veteran of the AFL, in Baton Rouge. La. Federal agents seized more than \$2 million in counterfeit \$100 bills from property owned by Cannon.

NAMED As coach of the Hartford Whalers, **JACK (TEN) EVANS**, 55, formerly a coach in the St. Louis Blues system. He replaces Larry Krich, 41, who was released after the season.

TRADED by the Hartford Whalers, defenseman **MICKEY YOLCAN**, 31, to the Calgary Flames for defenseman **RICHIE DUNN**, 28, and **JOEL QUINN**, 26.

DIED **VIC WERTZ**, 58, former outfielder and first baseman for six American League teams, of complications during heart surgery in Detroit. Wertz, who had a 27 1/2 average and 186 home runs during his 17 major league seasons, was the Cleveland Indian batter who hit the 450-foot shot in the 1954 World Series that resulted in Walter Moss's famous wild-throw, over-the-shoulder catch for the Giants.

HENNES WEINBERGER, 63, coach of the Cosmos in 1980 when they won the NASL title, of a heart attack, in Aachen, Switzerland.

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FACES IN THE CROWD



DENNIS MITCHELL
SEABROOK, N.J.

DENISE MITCHELL
SEABROOK, N.J.

Dennis and Denise junior twins at Edgewood High, set eight meet records at the Camden County meet. Denise also established South Jersey marks on the 400 meters (1:47.2), the 100 (1:10.5), the 200 (1:31.3) and long jump (23' 8 1/2"). Denise won the girls' 400 (1:55.5), 100 (1:12.1), 200 (2:21.2) and long jump (17' 7 1/2"). At the state meet, Denise lowered the New Jersey 400 record to 46.5 and tied the 200 mark at 20.9. He next set the state record in the 100 (1:10.2) and the 200 (1:20.7) four days later.



DIRK YANKO
East of River Falls

Dirk, 15, was the youngest competitor at the Senior National Weightlifting championships in Seabrook, Mass., finishing first in the 114-pound division with a snatch of 170 pounds and a clean and jerk of 209 for a total of 379.



WILBUR WOOTEN
WESTON, SOUTH CAR.

Wooten, 53, a retired mechanic, twice split the arrows of 1976 Olympic gold medalist Darrell Pace in the men's archery competition at the National Sports Festival. The feat, called a "Robin Hood," is rarer than a hole in one in golf.



DAVID BULLE
FILLMORE, TEXAS

Bulle, a senior at Lubbock Christian College, led the Chaparrals to the NAIA basketball title by sinking out 24 bullets in 20 attempts. He was also the winner in relief in the tournament's final game, against No. 1-ranked Laramie State.



ANNA CRESPIN
LAWRENCE, MISS.

Crespin, a senior at Eastern New Mexico, paced the Zuni women's rodeo team to the national title and won her second All-Around Cowgirl honors. She placed first in goat tying, fourth in breakaway roping and fifth in barrel racing.

MR. NICE GUY

Sir:

Steve Wulf's article on Dale Murphy (*Murphy's Law Is Nice Guys' Favorite First*, July 4) is a grand slam! Dale Murphy is someone we can all be proud of whether we happen to be baseball fans or not. He is a bona fide superstar both on and off the field. Sure would be nice if his style became the rule rather than the exception.

CUNY DUNN
Jacksonville

Sir:

Far too many sports articles are devoted to the personal problems and controversy surrounding the supposedly colorful spoiled brats of big-time athletics. Thank you, Mr. Wulf, for a refreshing story about a fine young man.

RIK MEARS
Davis, Calif.

Sir:

When so many sports figures make the news because they are alcoholics or drug addicts or have been charged with a crime, it is refreshing to read about a person with good beliefs and values. Children have always looked up to sports heroes and Dale Murphy gives them good reason to.

BARBARA BIRMINGHAM
Toms River, N.J.

Sir:

Few athletes combine so much athletic talent with as much modesty, humility and class as does Dale Murphy. Because he defines what a sportsman should properly be, he richly deserves to be *SI's* Sportsman of the Year.

CHARLES M. COLLINS
Birmingham

Sir:

In the picture of Murphy's wife, Nancy, and their children, I noted that their son, Travis, had both of his arms in casts. I was wondering what happened.

JOHN PETERSON
West Jefferson, Ohio

• Two-year-old Travis had had corrective surgery on both thumbs, and with children of that age, it is normal procedure to enclose the entire arm in a cast. Travis' casts were removed last week.—ED.

Sir:

An example of Murphy's sportsmanship: One time a boy of about seven managed to elude security officers and get to the corner of the Braves dugout between innings. The kid shouted to Murphy, and Murphy went over and signed an autograph for him. Between in-

nings! In Murphy, the *SI* cover jinx has met its match.

KELLY R. BURKE
Macon, Ga.

Sir:

I was intrigued by the suggestion that Murphy might win the MVP two years in a row. First, how can his selection last year be justified? In 1982 Murphy hit .281 with 36 HRs and 109 RBIs. However, he hit .310 at home and only .252 on the road. He had only 12 homers on the road, but 24 at home. Too bad not everybody can play in a park like Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium; it increases home run production by 60% and batting average by 25 to 35 points.

Then there's this year. The season is only half over, but right now you'd have trouble convincing me that Murphy (.324 with 19 homers and 61 RBIs as of last Sunday) is having a better year than Montreal's Andre Dawson (.323, 17 and 66).

PALL KINGS
Lexington, Va.

TH NM GM

Sir:

Tony LaRussa's use of vowel-less abbreviations inside PITCH, June 27) didn't surprise me. Any note-taking student knows the value of shortening words. What did surprise me is that LaRussa has two shortstops for Oakland, Almon and Phillips, and only two outfielders, Henderson and Murphy.

Did Oakland Manager Stu B's depart from baseball's standard defensive alignment, or did LaRussa make an error? I hope it was not the latter.

MATTHEW NOTHINAGLE
Fairport, N.Y.

• LaRussa erred, Almon, who indeed is usually an infielder, took a turn in rightfield that day even though LaRussa wrote SS next to Almon's name.—ED.

Sir:

N't rid'g LR's' second? W'd d sign m' entree?

BE GLIMAN
Walnut Creek, Calif.

ROBERTO DURAN (CONT.)

Sir:

Bravo to William Nack for his fine article on Roberto Duran's incredible return to grace (*He That Was Lost Has Been Found*, June 27). One point that Nack and others seemed not to mention with respect to Duran's three titles, however, is that his crowns span four weight divisions. Unlike Alexis Arango and Wilfred Benitez, whose three titles apiece have been in consecutive classes, Duran sim-

ply bypassed the junior welterweight title—one he easily could have won—to fight Sugar Ray Leonard. Moreover, should Duran topple Marvellous Marvin Hagler, he will have achieved a kind of grand slam of boxing: he will have won the lightweight, welterweight and middleweight titles (as well as the junior middleweight crown).

Such an accomplishment would be all the more remarkable when one realizes that unlike long, lean fighters like Benitez, Arango and Thomas Hearns, Duran is aging, not "developing," into the heavier classes. (Arriba! Duran is my entry in the greatest-fighter-of-all-time debate.)

TIM McBURRIS
Raleigh, N.C.

Sir:

My heart goes out to Davey Moore for showing the courage he did against Duran. I can only hope that his career hasn't been ruined, as was Leon Spinks's, by having had his career rushed. He endured a great amount of punishment, yet fought to the bitter end and uttered nary a "no más." What a contrast to the unmarked Duran surrendering to Leonard. Sure, Duran looked good in triumph, but how one accepts defeat is just as significant a measure of the man. There is a lesson to be learned here, Roberto, and Davey Moore was your teacher.

STEVE DAVIS
Vineyard, N.J.

ROSE IN BLOOM

Sir:

Pete Rose not catch Ty Cobb (*Is the Bloom off the Rose?*, June 27)? Come on! When you look at Rose you see a guy who's not blessed with a great amount of speed or power but whose hustle and determination have made him one of the greatest hitters of all time. I'm sure Pete will catch Cobb. It just may take him a little longer.

MADISON MCENTIRE
Marshall, Ark.

CLAYTON WEISHAUM

Sir:

Thank you for the article on Clayton Weishum (*It's Easy To Keep Him Down on the Farm*, July 4). I am an avid football fan, but I often get frustrating to hear that most NFL players are only out to get richer. Clayton illustrates a greater love for the simple life and a wholesomeness that would make him an ideal neighbor and friend.

LAWRENCE WILLIAMSON
Ellicott City, Md.

Sir:

If I wanted to know about farming I could subscribe to a farm magazine or ask some of

continued



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my friends who are farmers. If I wanted to know how much a tractor or combine cost I could call my local implement dealer.

If you wanted to feature a linebacker, you should have written about Mike (Mad Dog) Douglass of the Green Bay Packers. He has had more tackles in the last two years than Lawrence Taylor and almost as many sacks. Douglass has not gotten his due as one of the best linebackers in the game today.

CHRISTOPHER FAZI
Seymour, Wis.

MARATHON PACE Sir,

For TAC to imply that Joan Benson used a pacer in her world-record performance in this year's Boston Marathon (PERSPECTIVE, June 27) is an outrage. If anything, having Kevin Ryan shadow her as a reporter must have been distracting and harmful to her concentration, which is critical in running a successful marathon.

Joan Benson's performance deserves to be unsupported. She knocked a huge clank of time off a previous world record. She isn't through yet, however. I bet she goes on and breaks her own record. What will TAC do then?

JOSEPH S. TIMANIELLI
Stoughton, Mass.

THE WRONG COURSE Sir,

The story in SCOREBOARD (July 4) detailing the ACC's choice of sites for its annual golf tournament should have been more highly featured in the issue. As an alumnus of the University of Maryland and a taxpayer in the Commonwealth of Virginia, I am deeply disturbed by the thought that I could have indirectly lent support to Northgreen Country Club. The clearly racist attitude of Northgreen is reprehensible.

Let's hope ACC Commissioner Bob James does the right thing and disavows the ACC and its member institutions from Northgreen and the attitude it represents.

KEVIN M. CLAIR
Gainesville, Fla.

OPERATION EAGLE Sir,

Concerning your SCOREBOARD article on Interior Secretary James Watt and Operation Eagle (June 27), I would like to know how you could assume that Watt was against protecting the bald eagle just because he was trying to reduce what may have been a budget with a lot of waste in it? That is what you imply. Also, how in the devil does Ames Eno of the Audubon Society figure that Operation Eagle

would probably have not succeeded had Watt been able to get his budget cuts through? Does he know more about the Interior Department budget than the man who happens to head the agency?

Granted, Watt may be doing a number of things that some people don't like, but is it really necessary to "kick 'em when he's up and kick 'em when he's down" just because he will not bow to special-interest groups such as the Audubon Society?

DAVID BROWN
Houston

Sir:

I appreciate your concise report of James Watt's grandstand play over the eagle slaughter in Sodus City. When politicians play games with our national heritage, someone must watch them and blow the whistle when necessary. Please continue your efforts in this direction.

JACK VAN METER
San Rafael, Calif.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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